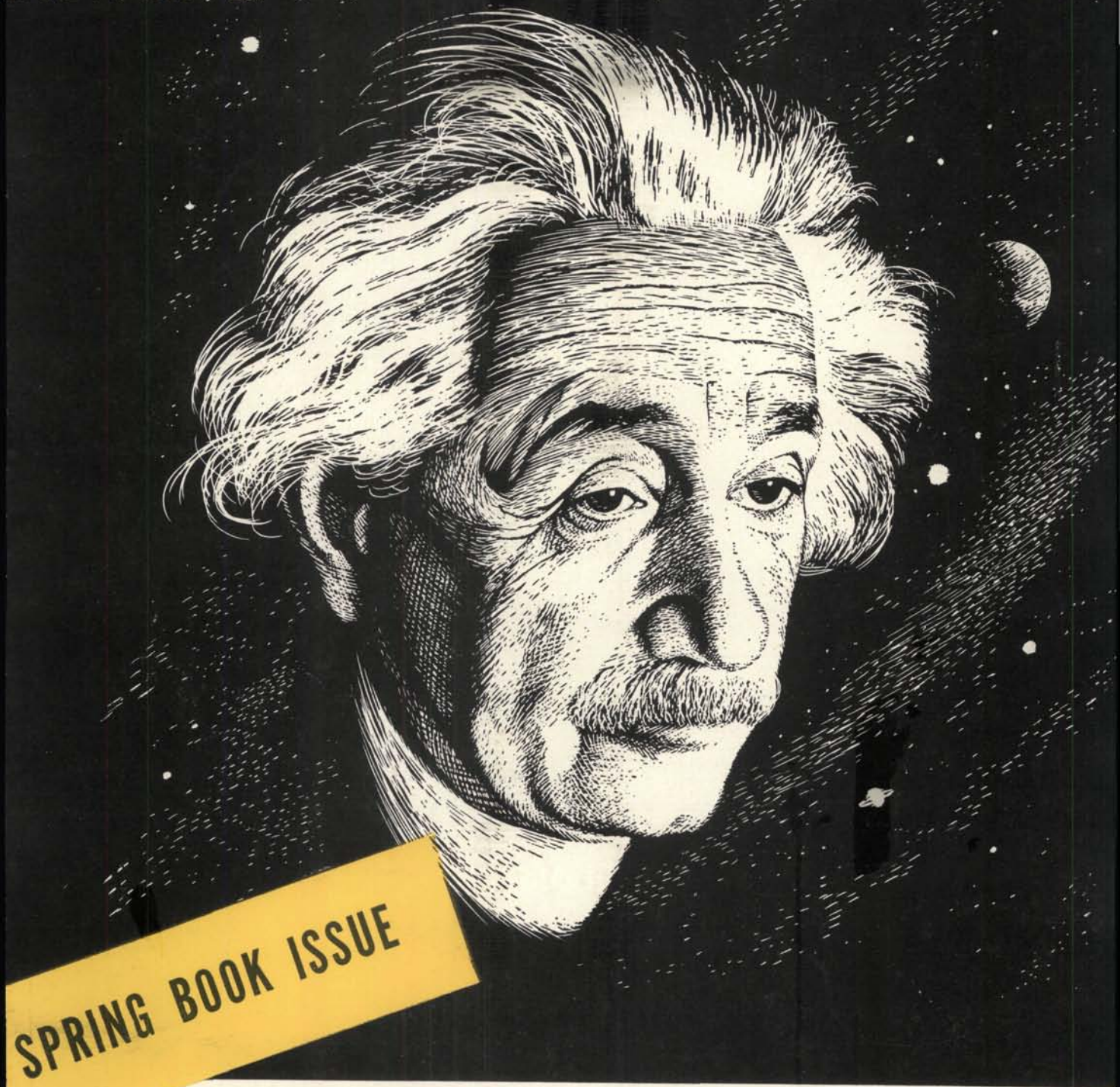
Saturday Review

APRIL 14, 1956 / 20¢



SPRING BOOK ISSUE

ALBERT EINSTEIN: Two Reminiscences by G. Mehta and Upton Sinclair

FESTIVALS EUROPA, 1956
Music for the Tourist
By Irving Kolodin

THE SMALL MAN
vs. SUCCESS
By Watson Gordon

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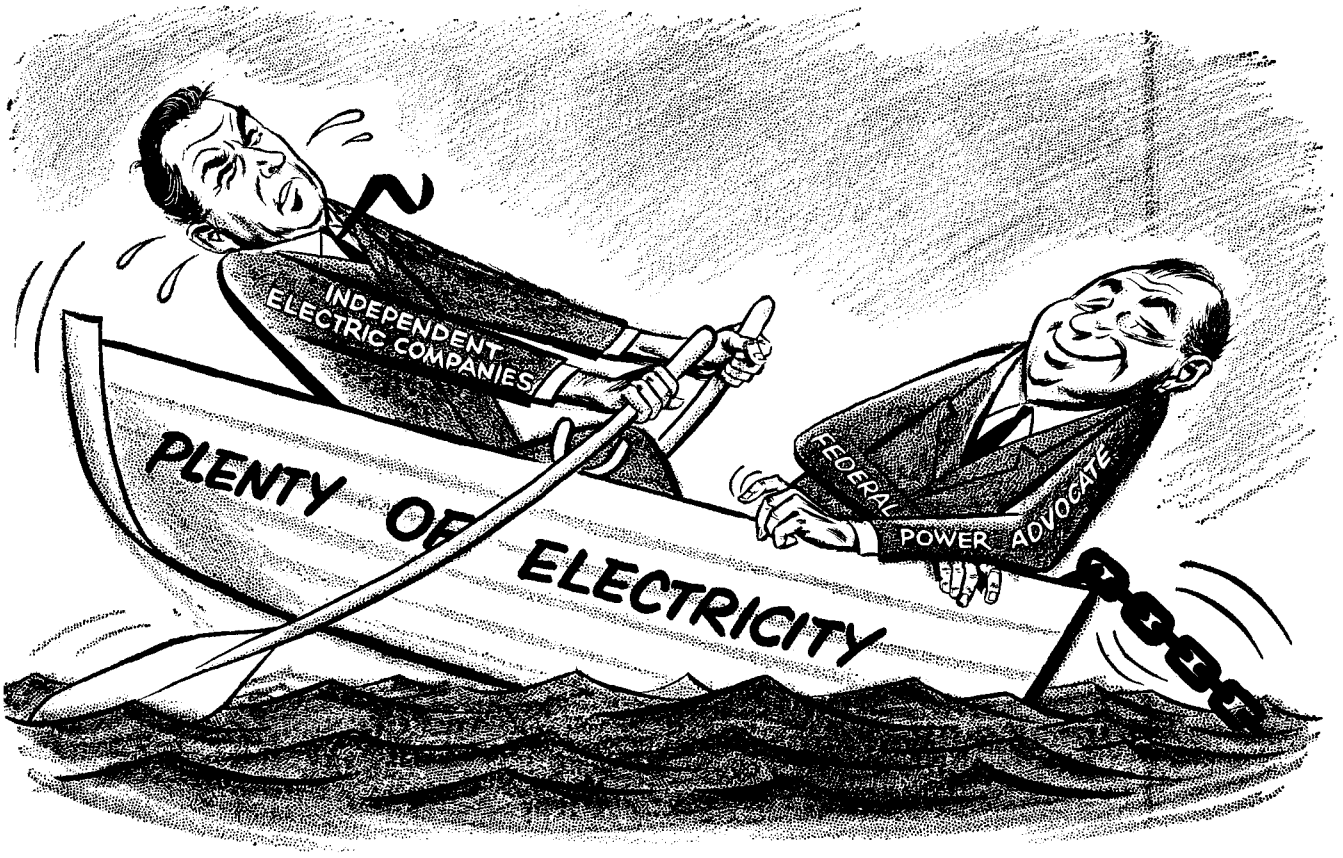

Who threw out the anchor?

Are the advocates of federal government electric power really interested in plenty of electricity for all Americans, as they so often claim—or are they interested primarily in building a government power monopoly?

• • •

To meet vastly increased needs for electricity, the nation's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies are planning and building at an unprecedented rate. But in some sections of the country, federal power advocates are fighting the efforts of electric companies to build. Here are three examples:

On the Niagara River in New York State, local electric companies have tried for many years to expand their power development to help provide the vast amounts of additional electricity that will soon be needed in the Northeast. Public power advocates, however, have been able to block government approval for the companies to build.

In the Pacific Northwest, trying to speed a new source of electricity and avoid a real threat of power shortage, local electric companies have offered to pay 88 per cent of the cost of the proposed John Day power dam. But federal power groups say no. They seem willing to risk a power shortage rather than let local electric companies take any part in building the power project. They would have the federal government pay for it all, with tax money from all over the country.

At Hell's Canyon on the Idaho-Oregon border, the local power company, with government approval, is building the first of three dams that will more than double the supply of electricity in that area. The company applied in 1947 for permission to develop the project, but has been unable to get it underway until now—largely because of delaying opposition from federal power groups. These groups are still fighting to get the government to spend 429 million dollars of taxpayers' money to replace the project the company has already started.

This record of obstruction is duplicated all over the country. Time after time federal power advocates have thrown out the anchor when more power was offered and planned by *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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Wake up your piano!

Have fun playing again!

You were pretty good in High School days. Remember? And nobody ever really "forgets" how to play the piano. Once you've learned the "finger mechanics," they're yours for life. You'll be astonished how quickly the sleeping skill will come to life in your hands—and what a kick you'll get out of *making your own music again!*

You'll play better now than when young

You already know why: you've remained a music-lover through the years; you've heard a lot of fine piano-playing—Artur Rubinstein, Claudio Arrau, Casadesus, many more; your feeling for the piano has *grown* and *matured!* So you're going to enjoy hearing yourself revive simple and beautiful piano classics *much more* than you did when you were learning them years ago! Wouldn't you *expect* to?

You must have played this one by Chopin

It's a real masterpiece, but won't stump even young piano students. I mean *Chopin's Prelude in A*, No. 7 in his Opus 28. Charles Cooke (Author of *Playing the Piano for Pleasure*) says this about it:

> "This flawless work lies well within the technical grasp of every amateur who has passed the elementary stage of playing. Immortal on its staves of cold print, it waits to be brought alive, to be studied and loved by countless pianists."

That's the kind of beginner's masterpiece that lies sleeping in the silent strings of *your* piano—waiting for you to have fun bringing it to life in all its deathless beauty! Before you deserted your piano, you probably also enjoyed playing some other lovely little master-works. Remember Bach's heavenly *Prelude in C?* Beethoven's stately *Minuet in G?* Grieg's exquisite *I Love Thee?* Rubinstein's famous *Melody in F?* And Massenet's matchless little *Elégie?*

If you don't already know and love these, you'll find them among the most satisfying compositions you ever heard—as well as among the easiest to play. Even if you are just now taking up the piano (as an "adult beginner") you can soon start picking out many of the delightful little classics you'll find on the very lowest rung of the piano-player's ladder. And if you have an organ, many are easily adapted. Where can you find such pieces?

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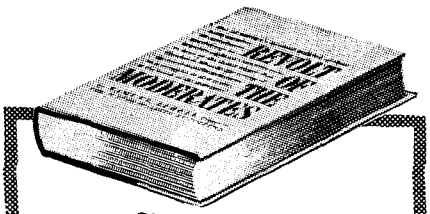

Samuel Lubell

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TO COMMEMORATE the 100th anniversary of the death of Heinrich Heine, Hans Hinrichs has assembled some of the great poet's satirical quips:

I have the most peaceful disposition. My desires are these: A little cottage with a thatched roof, a good bed and good food with plenty of fresh butter, flowers in the window boxes, and in front of the door a few beautiful trees. And if God wants to make me particularly happy six or seven of my enemies dangling from the treetops.

Why admire a rose as an aristocrat? Admire the democratic potato. For centuries it has nourished nations.

Wise men create new thoughts, fools propagate them.

Experience is a good school, but the fees are high.

Wedding music and martial music have this in common: The march to battle.

Women have only one way to make us happy, but they have 30,000 ways to make us miserable.

The strongest argument for republics is Boccaccio's argument for religions: They exist in spite of their civil servants.

It takes time to write a book. All quickly written books prejudice me against the author, for it takes an honest woman nine months to produce a baby.

Don't praise a dramatic actor because he brings tears to your eyes. An onion will do the same.

I HAVE RECEIVED AN unusual number of favorable comments and requests for extra copies of an item reprinted some weeks ago from Harlan Miller's "There's a Man in the House." It was called "Apology at Bedtime" and told of a father who realized he had been a bit too hard on his young son without, possibly, letting the boy know how dearly he loved him.

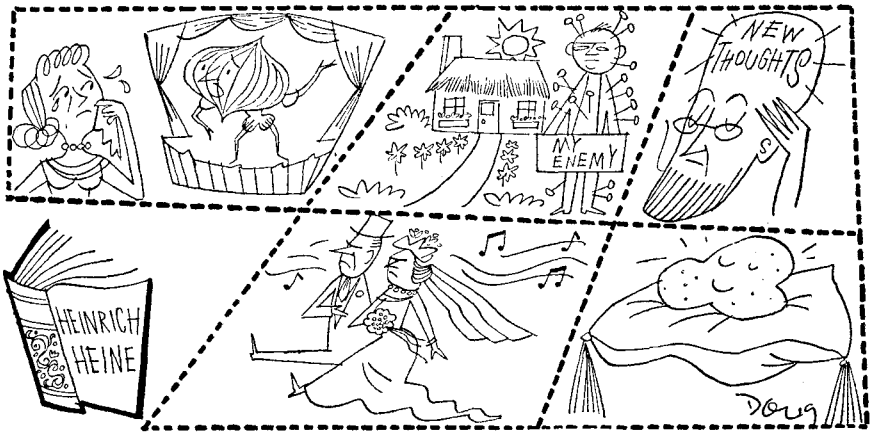
Several mothers felt impelled to write down the thoughts that flitted through *their* minds while gazing fondly at their sleeping offsprings. For example, Mrs. Lucy Wainwright of Pensacola, Florida, sent the following:

A Mother's Soliloquy

Listen, Son: You look so dear and serene as you sleep here amidst your crumpled clothes, which are lying just where you kicked out of them. Yet just a few hours ago you were belligerent, angry, and banging doors in my face. Remember? I'd asked you to wash your hands and face before dinner. You announced you were no baby and would have done it without being told. This in face of the fact that you were easing into your chair as I spoke.

I have just stolen into your room to pick up your things. You'd get angry if you saw me doing it. You can never find anything after I've tidied up is your claim. You also state, if I'd stop nagging you'd do it yourself. I've tried that system sometimes for weeks, and not until I've finally been forced into mentioning it have you been "just on my way to do it now."

These things I've been thinking: Son, quite often when you come in from school you barely speak to me. If I ask you what's gone on during your day you mumble "nothing" and dismiss me by turning on the radio as loud as you



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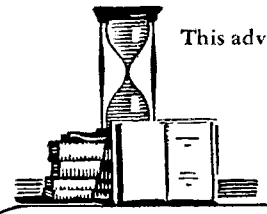
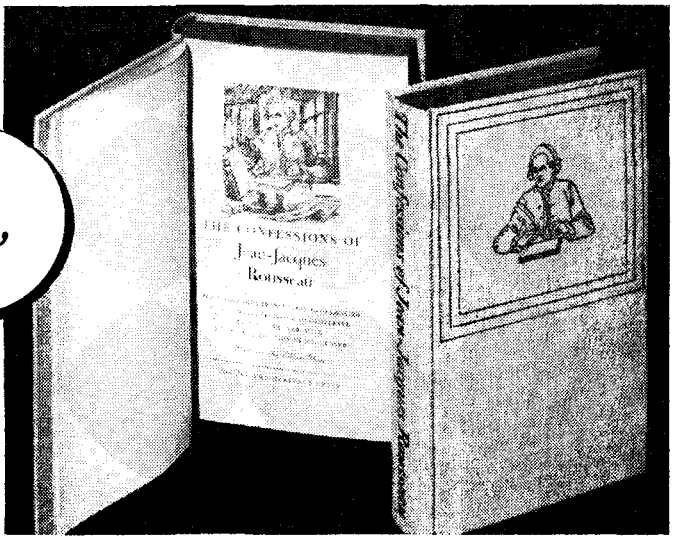


"Perverting the innate goodness of man . . ."



WE ARE ALL LIVING in a paradox: a paradox not at all, like Gilbert's, "a most ingenious" paradox. A paradox, says the dictionary, is a statement seemingly contradictory to common sense which may yet be true in fact. We are all living in one—and a dreadful one, too: right *now*.

Yet the exact nature of this paradox, in which all of us are now living, was stated in clear language by a man who began to write a book long long ago, more than two centuries ago.

This is it:

So-called progress in letters, in society, indeed in civilization, has only served to pervert the innate goodness of man.

This is so true, this paradox written down in the year 1750, it is so true this year also, that some will say the man who could have written it more than two centuries ago was capable of a kind of supernatural prescience—like the hero of a work of "science" fiction. But others will say that our current paradox existed in 1750, and has been *growing:* more diabolic, more gigantic, more dreadful.

The man who stated the exact nature of our current paradox, and in such exact language too, later fell afoul of the censor: for writing another book, a book about his own adventures, some parts of which the censor called disgusting. His works were burned. He was hounded and persecuted. When he died, it is possible, although not proven, that he was a suicide.

THE FAMILY into which he was born was named Rousseau, he was given the Christian name Jean-Jacques, and this happened in Switzerland, in Geneva, on the twenty-eighth day of June in the year 1712. The family was French, its residence in Switzerland having been established because of an enforced exile from France begun at the time of "the religious wars." Paterfamilias, Isaac Rousseau, was a watchmaker. Materfamilias, Suzanne Bernard, was the daughter of a minister; and she died in childbirth: and Jean-Jacques, who was the second son, "was brought up in a haphazard fashion, his father being dissipated, violent and foolish."

Jean-Jacques was hypersensitive (lawsamassy, who isn't?) but he got none of the affection which modern psychiatrists say that people should have, especially when people are just children. Also, he read books intended for people far above his age, and that increased his sensitivity and resulting sentimentality.

It was in 1750 that, after years of painful struggle, he won a prize for an essay in which he propounded the paradox that made him famous overnight: *So-called progress in letters, in society, indeed in civilization, has only served to pervert the innate goodness of man.*

WITHIN THE NEXT ten years he wrote the books that were to make him one of the most famous writers of his time, indeed of all time. In 1755 he wrote a Discourse which attacked the institution of private property; in 1761, in *La Nouvelle Héloïse,* he insisted that the family, the primitive unit, triumphs over the wickedness of modern society; in 1762, in the book called *Emile,* he showed how man is able to preserve his fundamentally good instincts; and, in the same year, in *The Social Contract,* he insisted that man was born free and now is in chains—but can regain his lost heritage.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau died, in Paris, in 1778. He had been writing his Confessions ever since 1762; and the book now called *The Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau* swept his fame around the world and down through the ages.

This is possibly because Rousseau anticipated the candid camera: he was the first man to expose himself candidly to the public gaze. There is a candor of the spirit; there is a candor of the tongue; there is a candor of the times. *Rousseau's Confessions* has all three!

ROUSSEAU'S CONFESSIONS first came to public attention in December 1770, when Jean-Jacques Rousseau was fifty-eight years old. He read part of them to a small party of friendly people in that year. But the manuscript was not published until three years after his death. He left it behind in two copies, one of which is now preserved in the Library of the Chamber of Deputies in France, the other of which is now in the Library at Geneva. . . .

You want more? The words you have just been reading are an excerpt only, they represent the beginning lines of a current issue of THE HERITAGE CLUB SANDGLASS. That is a small and unpretentious and (it is hoped!) inoffensive leaflet which is sent each month to the members of The Heritage Club. If you are interested in reading the remainder of *this* issue of the SANDGLASS, and in receiving future issues too, you need only fill out and send us the coupon below. You will not be offered a membership in THE HERITAGE CLUB! Memberships in the Club are not always available, and this is one month in which they are not. We are willing to put you on the subscription list now because you *might* be interested in having a membership if and when one is available.

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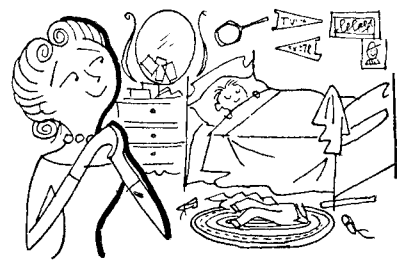
can get it. If, however, I'm on the phone talking to a friend you demand I hang up immediately, because there's something you have to take up with me that won't wait.

I've mentioned a ragged shirt you might be wearing. You angrily tell me all your good ones are dirty. You're right. They are under your



bed, rolled up in a drawer, or hung up on a hook instead of being in the laundry bin where I might have seen them while I was collecting the other wash.

At breakfast the other morning I asked if you needed any stamps for your Christmas "thank you" notes. Though you'd had two-weeks vacation, you stormed you hadn't had time to write them. They had loaded you with homework over the holidays. Wouldn't I admit that you'd been awake until twelve the night before trying to get it finished? You got even angrier when I said you could have done it easily if you hadn't watched so much television. You reiterated that you really had forgotten you had any school work until just before it was time to go to bed.

As you start out for the day you brush a kiss across my cheek. What's up? "Am I going to the PTA meeting?" If I go I am not to wear my "goony" new hat. "I want you to look nice like all the other mothers!" is your parting thrust.

Then it begins all over again in the late afternoon. "How dare I embarrass you with all your friends by checking to see if you are with them when you're late in coming home from school?" You "just forget" to tell me there was a choir practice. Perhaps I should have reminded you that if I'm not in the house and haven't left a note of where I am when you come home you call your father, my mother, the neighbors, and once even the police, because you get worried.

Come to think of it, you spend most of the time we are together yelling at me about something. You take me completely for granted. I was turning all this over in my mind, Son, after you went upstairs tonight. You pulled away from me as I started to kiss you "goodnight," saying, "That's kid stuff." It was then I realized that I must learn to conceal my

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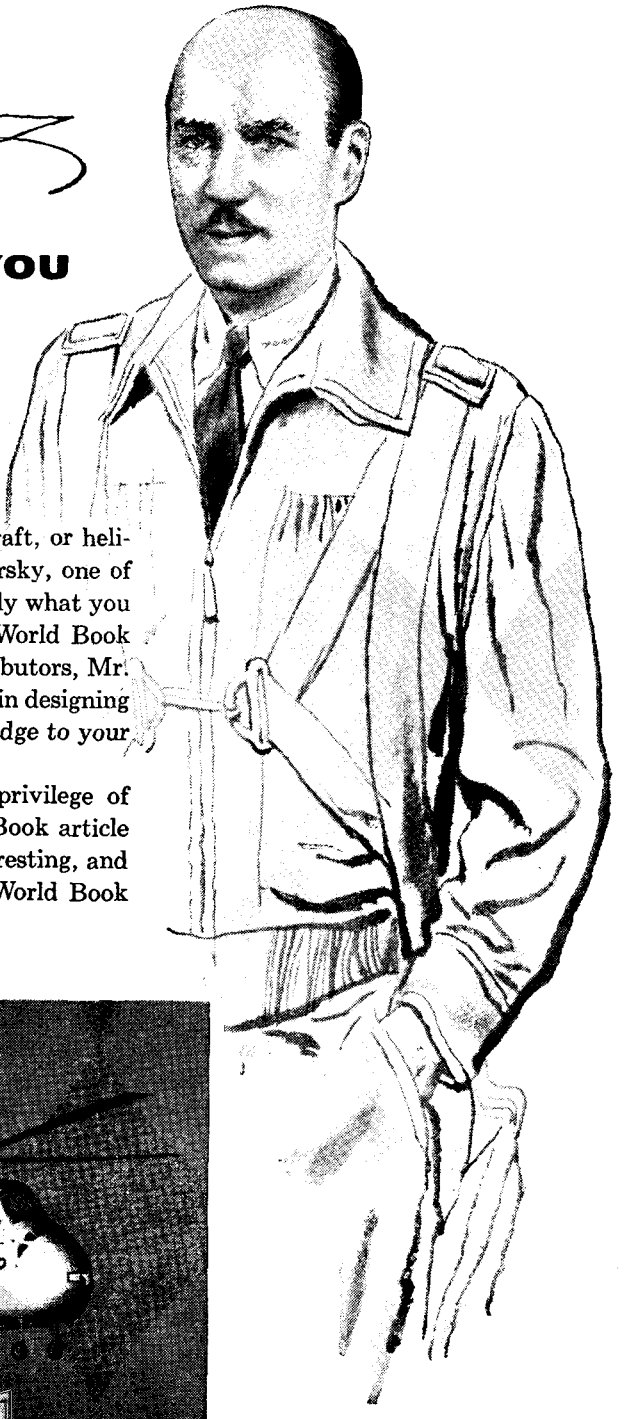

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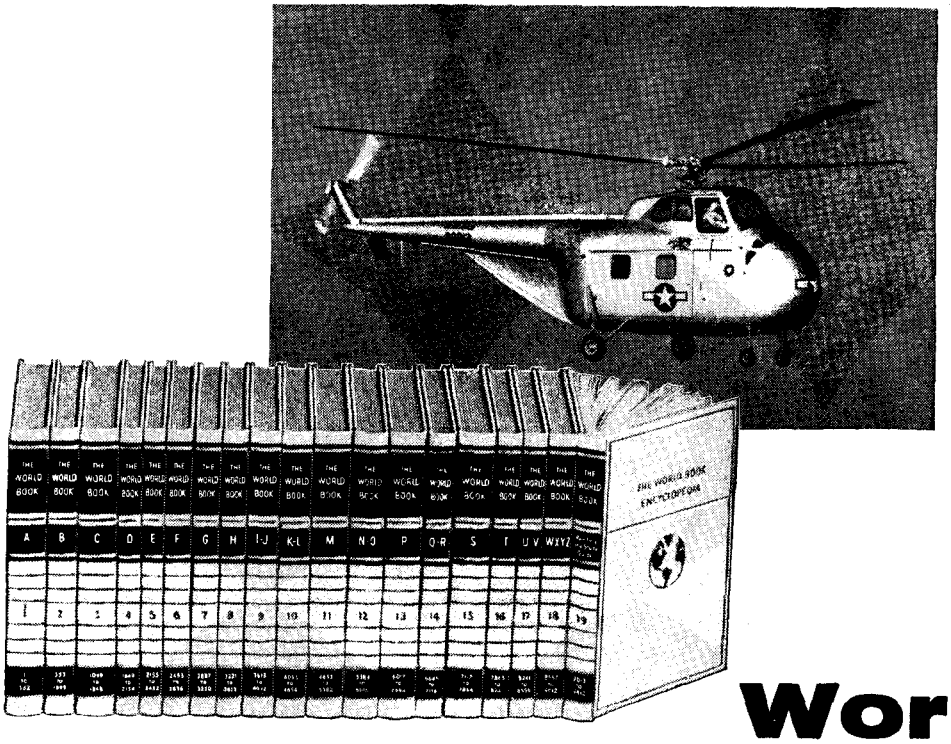

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by Edwin O'Connor

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LITTLE, BROWN

love for you and emphatically never let you know the full extent of my adoration and understanding. Because if you knew how great it really was you'd probably become more impossible than you already are—and that, my dear Son, would be more than even a mother could bear.

FROM PAT FRANK, author of "Mr. Adam" and "Forbidden Area":

I would like to pass along for the benefit of my colleagues effective answers for the three questions most commonly asked writers.

Q. Do you write under your own name?

A. No. I use William Faulkner.

Q. Has any of your stuff ever been bought by Hollywood?

A. Yes. The Ten Commandments.

Q. Do you know Mickey Spillane?

A. I am Mickey Spillane.

The first two answers usually are accepted without hesitation, but some folk appear skeptical at the third. In that case I advise force.

FROM PRODUCER ARTHUR HORNBLOW, who with "Oklahoma!" now behind him is headed for London to film Agatha Christie's "Witness for the Prosecution":

My missive to you on the subject of California wines has brought an astonishing number of letters from your vinicultured readers, among them one from the eminent Dr. Karl Menninger, who deserted his clinical duties long enough to chide me pleasantly for including Châteauneuf du Pape as a product of the Golden State. This teaches me (and not for the first time) that a motion-picture producer should always keep a good writer within ready reach, since it must have been a fault of style or punctuation or both that conveyed such an unintended impression.

My reference to this fine Rhône vintage was only for the purpose of comparing its steady and invariable qualities with the uncertainties and puzzlements that lie in the California wine jungle. I now regret having mentioned it at all, since after my letter in TRADE WINDS appeared the Châteauneuf du Pape wine bins in the Hollywood bistros were quickly emptied. Worse still, when the new lot arrives one may be sure that the price will rise!

Part of the magic of the Rhône Valley wines such as Hermitage and Châteauneuf has been that, despite their having a richness and nostalgic flavor equal to the best of the better Burgundies, their price—even in France!—is often about half that of the latter due to their being so little known by the public. They are also generally more authentic for the same reason. And here I had to spoil it! I solace myself only by the thought that it's high time these precious brews from down Avignon way came back to what G. B. Stern in "Bouquet" calls their "ancient prestige and dignity."

IT'S RARE INDEED WHEN an author delivers a manuscript on or before the date specified in his contract, but how plausible, how varied his alibis always are! Simon & Schuster thought they had heard every variety of excuse until Henry Beetle Hough, editor of the *Vineyard Gazette,* came along with the following:

I know that I'm behind schedule with my index for "Thoreau," but I can explain that. The fact is that we are entertaining a wild duck in the bathroom next to the room which I call my study. The duck was in an apparently perishing condition on the path in back of our house last Saturday, pretty badly stuck up with oil. We washed him with detergent, and now he makes aquatic sounds all morning long. Afternoon too, I suppose, but I am not around in the afternoon. A good deal of the time you would swear he was brushing his teeth, but he has no brush and no teeth. The bathroom will never be the same (fortunately, we have a spare), but we hope to graduate the duck into a new life as soon as the weather clears. He hasn't been identified yet—some say he is an eider, some that he is a female scoter (sex trouble here), and so on. I don't know. But he seems to be a darn nice duck, and the least I can do is put up with him and strive to keep him out of the index to Thoreau.

Henry Hough's story has a happy ending. His duck, I understand, is back in the pink instead of the sink, and his book, "Thoreau of Walden: The Man and His Eventful Life," index and all, is yours from S. & S. for the asking —plus $4 in currency.

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1150)

WALTER V. CLARK:
TRACK OF THE CAT
(Suggested by Mrs. Richard Dauzenroth)

The most important single fact in the world was that cats can see in the dark. It seemed to him that the malicious and chancy gods of things had enabled cats to see in the dark for the sole purpose of rendering this already unequal hunt even more unequal.

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Recommended Reading!

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Mr. Conant searches deeply into the problem of who should go to college, who should pay, and the meaning to the Western World of free inquiry with all its controversies. A small book with a large message.

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Mr. Franklin
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edited by
Leonard W. Labaree
and
Whitfield J. Bell, Jr.

$3.75 3rd printing

"Nowhere — in his own words — can we find a finer self-portrait of this symbol of pragmatic, earthy, searching America." — *Saturday Review*

"An exciting preview of the forthcoming larger collection of letters." — *San Francisco Chronicle*

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April's reputation for cruelty is well deserved when one considers the seed catalogue, the boatowners handbook, or the civic improvement program. The printed word everywhere is calculated to get one out of the armchair and into the multiple confusions of manual labor. Procrastination brings all things, however. Fire can be fought with fire. The local bookstore can still supply fare guaranteed to keep one indoors oblivious to hammer and paint brush and trowel.

Literary critics are notably shyer of the shouted superlative than are the seed salesmen. However, certain grace notes of enthusiasm echo from these reviews:—

Harry Black **David Walker** • "The narrative is taut and deftly paced, with a cumulative suspense that is enormous. And he is a smooth storyteller who has no qualms about picking his material and situations for utmost effect. He can be as electrifying in the jungle as in a German prison camp or on a polo field. The biggest big-game adventure value you are likely to get in a long time." — *J. G. Hitrec, Saturday Review* ($3.95)

Behind the Mountains **Oliver La Farge** • " . . . here is the true spirit of the Southwest, untarnished by time and told, as good history should be, in terms of the lives of the adventurous." — *Charles Poore, N. Y. Times* ($3.00)

Living Like a Lord **Lord Kilbracken** • " . . . extremely engaging." — *New York Times* " . . . richly deserves to top the non-fiction best seller list." — *Sterling North* ($3.50)

The Nylon Safari **Rehna (Tiny) Cloete** • "This report of a safari through Tanganyika gives a cheerful portrayal of how a sophisticated modern woman responded to the challenge of the forest primeval." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune* ($3.50)

The Other Paris **Mavis Gallant** • "Miss Gallant writes with sureness, grace and understanding. Without exception, these are superior stories." — *N. Y. Times* ($3.50)

Charles I and the Puritan Upheaval **Allen French** • "A whole world stands before us without a wasted word. French has doubled the light on the period . . . deserves that dangerous adjective 'definitive.' Historians will welcome its addition to their knowledge of the times, and the lay reader will find how lively and vital history, for all its meticulous exactness, can be made by a born historian." — *T. Morris Longstreth* ($8.00)

. . . and just published

The Age of Reason **Stuart Hampshire** • Creators of a new world view which introduced a century of intellectual upheaval and clashed with traditional theology and logic — Galileo, Descartes, Spinoza and others. ($3.00)

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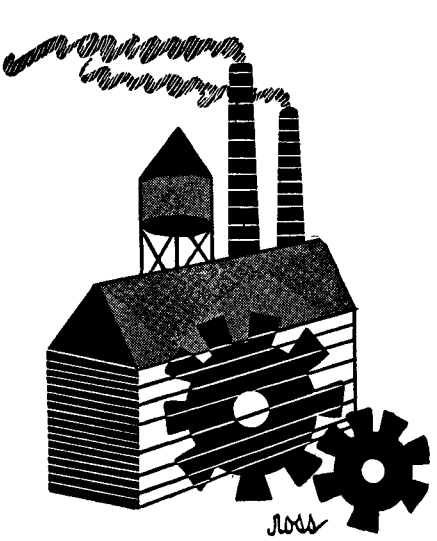
The Saturday Review
APRIL 14, 1956

THE SMALL MAN VS. SUCCESS



Hideboundness and sluggishness lie in wait for every successful institution from the Roman Empire to the manufacture of toothpaste. Success generates these faults itself: it spawns standard procedures and red tape, instills deliberateness and caution into operations, places premiums on "integration" and "efficiency." How a society full of successful businesses affects the traditional rough-and-tumble values of American enterprise, for good and evil, is the theme here of Watson Gordon, vice president of McCann-Erickson, Inc., who has experienced our modern Success Story from the beginning.

By WATSON GORDON

I HAPPEN to date back to that era when no self-respecting craftsman would have accepted an annual wage, an era which ranged from Ben Franklin and Paul Revere to Henry Ford, an era in which the stature of the craftsman was greater than that of the machines or tools with which he worked. I made my first wage and hour contract nearly sixty years ago. I agreed to work fifty-nine hours a week for $4.50. I was grateful to the people who gave me this opportunity. The dollars didn't seem too meager or the hours too many. There were others who got no more money and who worked more hours. Besides, I was going to learn a trade and that opened an amazing vista. If I became a better than average workman I could tour the country always sure of a job. If I chose to remain in my own community I could pick the places I wanted to work. Or I could go into business for myself. All that was required was to put up a few hundred dollars, sign some notes at the bank, and I would be on my way. There were no colossuses manufacturing and distributing merchandise by the trainload. My chances were as good as the next man's.

That was American opportunity in 1898. It still exists in some areas but each decade the areas seem to get scarcer. We have operated on the craftsman's opportunities in three major directions. We have dwarfed his stature as a craftsman. We have narrowed his opportunities for advancement in many of the organizations for which he works. We have limited his opportunities to go into business. These actions have not been by intent. They have been incidental to the growth of our large industrial units and their amazing performances.

No one can properly question the economy and desirability of mass manufacturing, packaging, and advertising. But the craftsman was caught in the squeeze. To cut the cost of production many of his skills were incorporated in machines traveling at speeds he couldn't hope to match. Beyond this, despite his resentment, we time-and-motion studied him. We tested his reflexes. We divided and subdivided his skills with his fellow workers. We made him a profitable unit in the production activities which brought us millions of items at low cost. We, not without urging on his part, turned back to him some of the leisure which these methods created. We gave him well-lighted workrooms and high wages. But we whittled him down from a complete craftsman to a partial craftsman, and robbed him of much of the independence he once enjoyed. We left him little to boast about as his part in industrial accomplishment. Little by little pride of accomplishment has given way and still is giving way to the boredom of the repetitive job. Year after year the list of those who must participate in this boredom is being enlarged, the changes in office operations being as pronounced as those in the factory. The research operations too are following in this intellect-dulling procedure at an increasingly accelerated pace, with sci-

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entists of nearly every description doing the lock-step along with the skilled and unskilled worker. There are those who believe that the future of initiative and of ingenuity lies in the "do-it-yourself" movement. And that pride of accomplishment for the man who works with his hands will find its only expression inside his own home.

Back about three decades ago I stood in one of the factories of a large manufacturing organization. I was watching casually while some elegant young men were being instructed in the operation of a large machine. A young foreman stood beside me.

I asked: "What goes on?"

He said: "They're young men learning the business."

He paused for a moment as though considering something. Then he added: "From the top down."

Later I discovered that the young men were sons of various executives connected with the business. Nepotism I had met with before in the family owned business, but this was the first time I had met it on a wholesale scale in the corporation. The idea of setting up a select stratum of executive opportunity was new to me. But today we woo the top performers in our colleges and universities the way the mother of daughters woos similar young animals, and with the assured air of the horseman picking a colt eventually for the Grand National. To state the case mildly, the route to the top for the craftsman has acquired a few road blocks.

A third observation is that we have limited the opportunities of the craftsman to go into business for himself. This is of course a debatable statement. The American is an ingenious individual. And to suggest that he has in any measure reached the limit of ingenuity is to cast reflections on our stalwart citizenry. However, the fact is that nearly everything which represents a repetitive purchase is being produced on a mass basis. And the cost of elbowing into any business of this description is high and apt to be prohibitive. A book produced under the direction, or at least with the tacit approval, of the Committee for Economic Development has charted this information in a manner which should give pause to ambitious young men who might be thinking of plunging into some venture in this category.

Or at least it should cause them to stop and take a fresh look at the guide book to success. This chart shows that 65 per cent of the industrial output of the country is produced by big business institutions, and that in the production of this percentage big business employs only 55 per cent of the people in industry. If to this statistic we add mergers, purchases of small companies by large companies, and diversification, which has become a passion with big corporations, then we feel we have made our point about the limited area in which it is possible to develop small businesses.

IN ALL these developments we never have made the craftsman an integral part of our organizations, except in rare instances. There have been reserves for the preservation and replacement of machinery and buildings. There have been none for the craftsman's idle hours. In slack times we covered our idle machinery with grease to keep it from rusting and with dust cloths to keep the dirt out. During slack times the craftsman in the early days of the century worked in his garden. In later years as the cities crowded out the gardens he sat on the curbstone and waited for business to resume.

Mostly the craftsman lugged the burden of the depressions. I know because I was there. In the depression of 1907, for example, I worked as a craftsman for one of the large publishing houses of that day. The work load was as scant as water in a desert. The foreman did his best. He would approach a crowd of us who were standing around with nothing to do and say: "For Crissakes go somewhere and hide; the super is on his way up." The super, who had been a craftsman, had tipped him off. So we'd all go and hide. I spent enough time in the washrooms that winter to keep me immaculate for the rest of the century. But eventually the lack of work caught up with us. Each Friday one or two craftsmen would find pink slips in their envelopes. They would lose their color, walk into the washrooms, and lose their lunches. Later some of the weaker ones were cut down from gas jets.

This experience is of course a universal experience. The struggle of the craftsman over the years has been to keep his weekly paycheck coming regardless of the amount of work rid-

For Bernard DeVoto

By John Ciardi

A THUMB and a forefinger on the eyes
draws down the light: the fact that teaches all
shuts at the lid. That last hand, still in air,
not yet, nor ever, wholly returned from its gesture,
changes to a dead weight upon the heart.
Goodbye to seeing and goodbye from sight.

This was a man. This lump in the numb blank
of bedsheets, hours, losses. Like a tide
his warmth sinks from the mudedge of his blood.
His interrupted face above that tide
turns to a blue-veined marble one firm hour,
then shudders liquid to the end of time.

Wolves, eagles, fishes, angels—when they dared—
have died into that sea. Leviathans and cells
have burst from their stiff last across that mud.
So must a man be what the sea takes back.
But here, and for the man hour of a thought
it is an admiration stuns the sea.

What shall the sea in all its driven pumps
cast up from its pearl chambers in the sun
more than the man it takes? more than the run
of the infinite small waters of his brain
away from their stilled systems in the gulf?
To name a man is to give birth to nature.

Sea that drains all dregs, drains this. Goodbye.
This was a man, and I will swear his name
whole as I may from my own name and losses.
I knew no fault in him I could not love.
I find no death in us but justifies.
One deep is all, and its one shore—the man.

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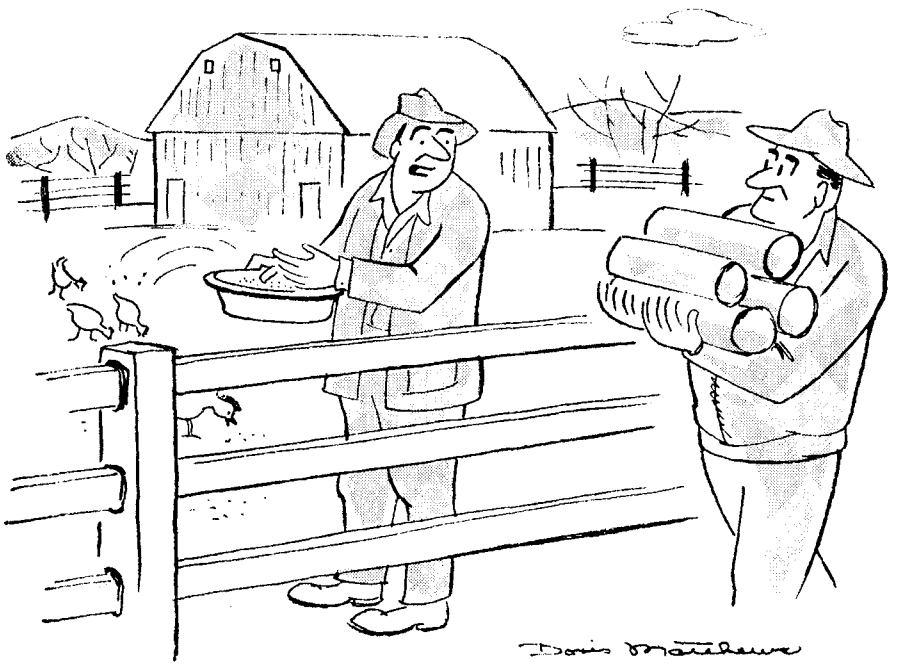

"The signs are about right for spring planting. I saw two poets in the lower pasture this morning."

ing through a plant. And one of the high costs in business is the cost of making sure that the craftsman is doing his best to get the work through.

About forty years ago I tried an experiment to see if the craftsman could be persuaded to keep work rolling regardless of the fact that the work was getting slack. I was running a specialty printing business at the time. I discovered what many others in business have discovered. The only time I could be sure of giving fast and satisfactory service to customers was when the plant was loaded with work. The minute the work load promised to run out I found it impossible to get the work through on schedule. I took a look through the plant. The presses and other machines were running at their usual speeds. The men in the composing room and on the stones were normally busy. Even the cutters were operating at a steady pace.

But I sensed a hollow note. Having been a craftsman I knew what was happening. The ink in the fountains had been cut to a minimum. The presses were being tripped two revolutions out of three to let the ink flow build up. The cutters were handling half lifts instead of full lifts. The composing room was making up small forms instead of full forms for the presses.

There were a number of things I could have done, including firing a few people. Instead I called the crew together—there were about thirty-five people. I explained that we were trying to build a business and that one of the ways to build it was to keep promises. I then offered them a deal. I told them that they could do anything they wanted to do any day the work ran short. They could sit and play cards, go to the beach, or do anything else that appealed to them. I told them this deal was good for a year. There were some other things involved like arriving at what we agreed was a decent day's work and so on. But the result was good for them and for me and my partner. The work rolled through at high speed at all times. Once the habit of keeping the work rolling was established costs came down automatically. And the keeping of promises brought us new business.

This arrangement was continued for two years. What sort of financial tragedy might have resulted if we had hit a depression I can only conjecture. I moved into another business and the plan was discontinued. The only point I make is that where a common objective satisfactory to workers and management can be arrived at work flows smoothly and the cost of supervision is low.

NOW, at last, we come to the other man in the picture, the small stockholder. He is the phenomenon of the last half century. He is said to own the largest slice of our industrial units, yet unlike the craftsman he has made almost no attempt to interfere with the operation of the businesses which his collective strength could control. And because of this attitude of non-interference the boards of directors of our great enterprises have been able to make decisions without delay and to place in our hands in short spaces of time the products of research, invention, and manufacturing experiment in large quantities, and at low cost. In one sense the small stockholder has been comfort, convenience, luxury, entertainment, and leisure, incorporated. He has fathered these things to the benefit of all of us. The fact that he seems to be taking a greater interest in the conduct of some of the businesses in which he has the deciding voice is something to cogitate, *for it could be the beginning of the end of the most effective system of business operation yet devised.*

A variety of reasons is advanced for the changing attiude of the small stockholder. Some believe that the chief reason for the unrest is the annual report. This, they say, is incomprehensible, not because it is badly written or uninformative, but because of the complexities of business operations. Most stockholders have no measuring sticks for the various allotments of money for such things as manufacturing development and research, reserves, stock bonuses, and other items requiring expert knowledge, or which are open to opinion.

Some believe that the current attitude toward political jobs where immense responsibilities are involved is influencing the stockholders of our very large units of business. The current attitude is that there should be a limitation on tenure in office in top jobs for two reasons: first, because few men have the stamina to endure the strain of those jobs for any great length of time; second, because long tenure in such jobs can lead to self-sufficiency or arrogance or carelessness or dishonesty. In other terms, the stockholder has come to accept the need for change in top jobs as an assurance of all sound administrations—government or business. There are those who believe that there is a danger of our corporate bodies going to seed if administrations are allowed to pick and choose their own successors. And that consequently aggressive criticism and the injection of new thinking in some of the administrative jobs are essential to the continuing vigor of an organization.

There are many small stockholders who find it difficult to identify themselves and their interests with the

(*Continued on page* 60)

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ALBERT

Two Reminiscences

On the first anniversary of the death of Albert Einstein (April 18, 1955) SR has asked two notables to record the impressions made on them by this extraordinary man. The article below is by Gaganvihari Mehta, India's Ambassador to the U.S.A. and Mexico, businessman, political scientist, author, and journalist. On the page opposite stands a memoir by Upton Sinclair, one of the best-known and widely-read authors in the world, political reformer, and friend of the great Nobel Prizewinner for twenty years.

1. An Hour with A. E.

By GAGANVIHARI MEHTA

—India Inf. Serv.

ON THE fourth of April 1953 I saw Einstein for the first and last time. The memory of this brief meeting I shall always cherish. I had gone to see Einstein at Eastertide to convey the Prime Minister's invitation to attend the Indian Science Congress. He lived in a small, simple, two-storied house in a tree-lined street in Princeton, about fifty miles from New York. My daughter Aparna and I drove over there. Einstein's housekeeper, Miss Helen Dukas, a courteous and gracious German lady who had been with him for twenty-five years, received us. At the top of the staircase the great man himself greeted us with cordiality and kindliness. He wore a long gown. His daughter Margot was with him.

Einstein rarely saw visitors. He led a quiet, secluded life with his books and notes and in the midst of his friends and fellow workers. "I live in that solitude," he wrote, "which is painful in youth but delicious in years of maturity." But he was accessible to anyone from India. This, I was reliably told, was because of his deep respect for Gandhiji, his high regard for Jawaharlal Nehru, and his affection for the Indian people.

For over thirty years I had heard and read about Albert Einstein—the man who had revolutionized scientific thought, the Nobel Prizewinner, one of the greatest men that ever lived. And here was in front of me this intellectual titan, now a slightly stooping figure with deep furrows on the forehead, dishevelled white hair, reflective and kindly eyes, a benign countenance. He radiated sweetness as well as light. It was not his dazzling brilliance that struck me so much as his innate simplicity and kindliness. Whenever subsequently I saw his portrait or picture I was filled with almost child-like delight. It thrilled me even to have a glimpse of him.

I told Einstein that our Prime Minister, the Government, and the people of India would be immensely pleased and proud to have him visit our country. I assured him that we would make all such arrangements for his comfort as were necessary owing to his age and delicate health. Einstein, who spoke softly with a slight accent, said that he appreciated the kind invitation and wished he could go, particularly because he had great regard for the people of India and for Mr. Nehru personally. He regretted, however, that it was not possible for him to travel so far because he was afraid that people would make a lot of fuss about him and he would not be able to stand the strain at his age.

As soon as we entered the room, Einstein said to me that he was reading a manuscript of "a book on Gandhi" which traced the evolution of his thought and ideas. He explained that he had been asked to write a foreword to the book. He gave me to understand that the author was an American who was in military service but he did not disclose his name, presumably because he had not till then made up his mind whether to write the foreword.

During that hour we were with Einstein he spoke almost half the time of Gandhiji. It was evident that he had veneration and admiration for him and had also carefully studied Gandhiji's life and ideas.

He once wrote of him:

> A leader of his people, unsupported by an outward authority: a politician whose success rests not upon craft nor the mastery of technical devices, but simply on the convincing power of his personality; a victorious fighter who has always scorned the use of force; a man of wisdom and humility, armed with resolve and inflexible consistency, who has devoted all his strength to the uplifting of his people and the betterment of their lot; a man who has confronted the brutality of Europe with the dignity of the simple human being, and thus at all times risen superior.

He remarked that only India could have produced a man like Gandhi and Indians only could understand and respond to his message.

Einstein seemed to remember Poet Tagore whom he had met in Berlin. Talking of Indian philosophy I mentioned Dr. Radhakrishnan's works, but he said he found it impossible to understand Indian philosophy. He praised Bertrand Russell's literary gift, his wonderful style of writing, but did not say anything of Russell's philosophy. It seemed to me, however, that he had admiration for Russell's intellectual powers.

TURNING to the world situation, Einstein said that it was hopeful, and that he welcomed the change that was taking place. He remarked that one drawback of democracy was that it brought mediocrity to the top. But he agreed that dictatorship was no solution and was a worse alternative. In reply to my question, Einstein said that he was

(*Continued on page* 58)

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EINSTEIN

and Reflections

2. As I Remember Him

By UPTON SINCLAIR

—Engstead.

ALBERT EINstein came to America in 1933, to become a professor in the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. He had been world famous for a dozen years or so, had been awarded the Nobel Prize, and was a *Doctor honoris cause* in fourteen of the world's great universities. His coming was a prestige matter to Cal Tech and had been announced weeks in advance; reporters swarmed around him, the newspapers made front-page stories of his arrival, the school gave a banquet in his honor, and one of the town's many millionairesses contributed $10,000 for the privilege of tasting that food.

In the midst of all this fashionable excitement a humble author who had been living in the town for seventeen years wrote a note to the effect that possibly the learned doctor might permit him the pleasure of a call. A day or two later this happened: a sister of the author's wife came out of her home and observed a smallish, somewhat odd-looking man walking up and down, looking at the three houses on one property as if in uncertainty. They were unpretentious, and in a poor neighborhood; one was the author's home, one his office, and one occupied by the sister-in-law, a Southern lady who did not enjoy any of the strange persons who came and knocked on her door.

This man had bushy gray hair long untended, and topped by a black felt hat; he wore a black overcoat and no medals on it. When he said he was Professor Einstein he was escorted into my home, and I am sorry to report that I made no notes and do not remember a word that he said. But the substance of it was this: he had been my friend for many, many years, and hoped to be for many more. And he was that for twenty-two more, until death ended it last year. I understood only a part of his mind, but I think he understood all of mine; anyhow, we agreed about everything, up to 1945, when Stalin declared his Cold War upon our country. It was Einstein's adopted country and so the tie was less strong, and we had arguments by mail about which I shall tell; but we remained friends.

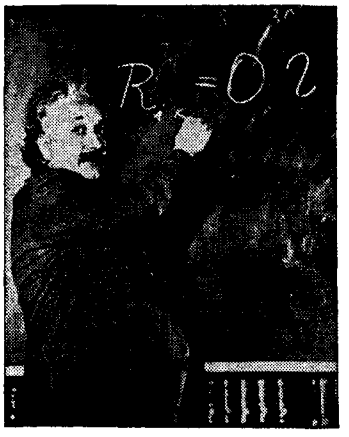
Neither Einstein nor his wife was happy at Cal Tech. I do not want to be unfair to a great institution, so I specify that there is snobbery in all institutions of learning. Some faculty wives are inclined to be jealous of those whose husbands get larger salaries, and they watch alertly for any faults of manners or costume which vary from the accepted norm. Nor do they relish having some foreigner come in and hog all the publicity.

There was a professor of economics, Graham Laing, who came from Scotland; he has died since, so I can't lower his salary by quoting him. He was a jolly chap, good company, and he said to us, "I don't rate very high here, because when they asked what salary I wanted I put it too low. Your salary determines your rating." And the discoverer of relativity had made the same mistake; they had offered him a high salary and he had refused it. Frau Elsa Einstein, who told us about it, did not mention the amount, but she quoted her husband as having said, "That is too much; I will take $10,000 and no more." (You will understand, I am sure, that a man can learn more about even his best friend from his wife's conversation with the friend's wife.)

Elsa was a German *Hausfrau,* gentle and kind, and devoted to her great husband. Once, in their home, the husband expressed his opinion that God exists, but that He is not a "personal" God. My wife ventured the opinion that it might be better to say that God is "superpersonal" rather than "impersonal." Surely God must include all personality. Elsa apparently was shocked that anyone should dispute the word of her hero. Alone she gently rebuked her guest, saying, "My husband has the greatest mind in the world." Craig replied, "Yes, of course; but he doesn't know everything."

The head of Cal Tech was Robert Millikan, a great scientist and administrator. He was man of very conservative views, politically and economically, and whether accidentally or by design we had never met. Once it happened that Bertrand Russell came to Cal Tech for a morning lecture, and he had arranged to be a guest in our home during his Pasadena stay. We arrived in our car and after the lecture was over I went in to fetch him. Dr. Millikan informed me that he had arranged to take the lecturer to the Valley Hunt Club (a fashionable place) for a luncheon, and he carried off my guest without a word of apology to me, and later had him delivered to our home.

I paid no attention to this, for I



"I will take $10,000, no more."

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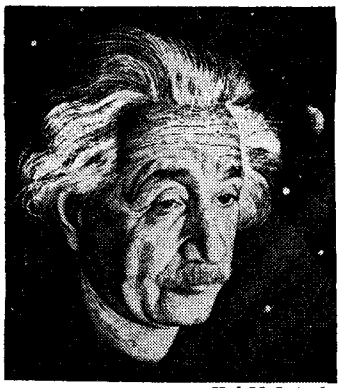
knew that Dr. Millikan had his great institution to support and was entirely at the mercy of the Pasadena millionaires. He would surely not have helped his cause by bringing a Socialist author to the Valley Hunt Club. But my wife, who knows the proprieties, was indignant; and when Einstein came, and expressed surprise that I was not personally acquainted with Dr. Millikan, she told him this story. I don't remember what he said, but I have a vivid recollection of what he did; he was leaving Pasadena and I went to bid him farewell. We had a chat, and I was ready to depart when the doorbell rang and Elsa came in and beckoned to her husband. I heard her say, in a half whisper, "Dr. Millikan." I realized that she had taken the new visitor into the dining-room which was on the other side of the entrance hall; and I knew it was my cue to make an escape. But the Herr Doktor would not have it so; he took my arm in a firm grip, then put his arm around my shoulders and led me across the living-room, across the hall, and into the presence of the head of Cal Tech. "Doctor Millikan," he said, "I want you to meet my friend Upton Sinclair." The great head was equal to the emergency; we shook hands and exchanged a few polite words, and then I excused myself.



—*Hal McIntosh.*

ALBERT EINSTEIN (1879-1955) was one of the three or four most important figures in the history of the human intellect. At the beginning of his career, in his early twenties, he published a complete theory of Brownian motion (the agitation of the tiny particles in suspensions); ten years later he was publishing papers which culminated in the General Theory of Relativity of 1915, a radical reconstruction of man's ideas about the Cosmos. Between these poles Einstein's conceptions of energy, matter, space, and time constituted the unifying forms for hundreds of other workers in two generations of unprecedented theoretical and experimental activity. While the Special Theory of 1905 makes it fair to call him "The Father of the Atom Bomb" (a designation which, as can be imagined, he abhorred), his last twenty-five years were spent in an endeavor to comprehend all the forces of the universe in a single formulation which will not be assessed, let alone applied, for many decades. A picturesque man who had lived indifferently in four countries, Einstein became permanently disenchanted with "politics" during the German extermination-scheme of 1933-1945; from his house in Princeton issued forth periodic statements that seemed insensitive and naive to many Americans. But he was such an obviously plain and dedicated humanist that no one took him to task; and he died, as he had lived, loved and honored in his adopted country.

EINSTEIN came back for a second year, and we saw him frequently; I cannot remember whether the various memories have to do with the first visit or the second. The first was the time of the Great Depression, which Franklin Roosevelt was desperately struggling to remedy. One-seventh of the population of California was jobless and suffering, and expressions of social radicalism which would seem excessive today were quite common then. There was some labor situation, I have forgotten what; Einstein wished to express an opinion on the matter, and wrote it; I offered it to the United Press, which refused to carry it. I reported the matter to Karl Bickel, president of the institution, in New York, and he sent me a copy of the telegram he had sent to the Los Angeles office, telling the manager that anything Albert Einstein had to say was news, and that the manager's censorship had made the U.P. ridiculous.

Once I mentioned to Einstein that someone had called some of my social protest "undignified." The next time he came to our home he brought a large and very fine photograph of himself, 18″ x 24″, and on it he had inscribed six lines of verse, in colloquial German which calls for a Berliner. The substance of it is the questions: who hits the world on its hollow tooth; who is not concerned about being "undignified"; who scorns the present and trusts the tomorrow? "Sinclair is the bold man, and I can prove it if anybody can." Needless to say, that trophy is framed and hung on the wall, and German visitors always call for a flashlight and a footstool to stand on.

Everybody we knew in Southern California wanted to meet Einstein; so we decided to invite them to a dinner party. The word got about, and we were besieged. A music critic who wrote for Rob Wagner's *Script* approached my wife somewhere and appealed for an invitation. "But I don't know you," said my wife. "You have invited Rob and Florence," he pleaded, "and they will vouch for me." "There are so many," she began—but he broke in: "Mrs. Sinclair, I am a Catholic, a Republican, and a conservative. I hate every one of your husband's ideas; but if you will invite me to meet Einstein I promise to forgive him for all eternity." Craig, who likes both humor and *savoir faire*, gave way, and José Rodriguez wrote a fine article about the event, and Rob Wagner wrote another.

The one thing I remember occurred before the affair began. It was in a private dining-room at the Town House in Los Angeles, a most fashionable place. I was there, waiting for the first guest, and in came the familiar figure with the bushy gray hair, still untended, and topped by the small black hat. There was the same black overcoat, and apparently the wearer did not know that hotels have checkrooms where guests deposit such property. He stopped in the doorway and looked about for a hatrack; not seeing one, he took off his overcoat, folded it neatly, and laid it on the floor, in a corner of the elegant dining-room, and laid the hat on top of it. After that he was ready to meet his friends' friends, and to have pleasant words to say to each in turn.

What Elsa Einstein called "the greatest mind in the world" was interested not merely in mathematical formulas and theoretical physics but in everything that was new and significant. My wife had been having psychic experiences from girlhood, and we had worked out a series of more than 250 experiments by which we had proved the reality of telepathy and clairvoyance to any openminded person. The story was told in a book, "Mental Radio," which Einstein had read; he had written a preface for a German edition, ending with the statement, "In no case should the psychologically interested pass over this book without heed."

NOW he searched this woman's mind, and she told him of more recent experiments. We knew a medium in Hollywood, an eccentric person who had caused some phenomena for which we knew no explanation; in sufficient light to see by, and with his arms and legs firmly controlled by persons whom we knew well, he had caused a heavy table to go several feet up into the air. Einstein was curious to see it, so we invited two or three other Cal Tech persons, including Paul Epstein, the physicist who had brought about the inviting of Einstein to Pasadena.

The medium said there was a hostile influence, and this we knew to be true—it wasn't Einstein, for he was eager to see the phenomena. We sat for an hour or two, but nothing happened. We are ignorant about the psychic forces and when they fail

(*Continued on page* 56)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

The Incompetent Teacher

OF ALL human qualities the one I admire most is competence. A tailor who is really able to cut and fit a coat seems to me to be an admirable man, and by the same token a university professor who knows little or nothing of the thing he presumes to teach seems to me to be a fraud and rascal. This explains my contempt for teachers of English: not one in ten of them has any sort of grasp of the difficult subject he professes or shows any desire to master it. The rest apparently proceed on the theory that English is something that every "educated" man knows and that any such man is fit to teach it. It is actually full of subtleties and snares, as every professional writer of any capacity is well aware, and imparting it, if done effectively, must be very difficult. I suppose that the inferiority of the teachers of it is largely due to the fact that they are recruited from the lower moiety of pedagogical aspirants. The more ambitious fellows tackle something that seems more recondite and hence better worth knowing. A prospective teacher of biology, say, or mathematics or physics cannot outfit himself for his career by reading a few plays of Shakespeare, memorizing the rules of grammar laid down by idiots, and learning to pronounce "either" as if it were spelled "eyether"; he must apply himself to a vast mass of strange and difficult facts, and mastering them requires a kind of capacity that is not common. The stupider fellow turns to something that is easier and more obvious, which is to say, to the language that every "educated" man is presumed to know.

—From "Minority Report: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks" (to be published May 21 by Alfred A. Knopf).

Politics Is Life

THERE was a time, years ago, when I concentrated on high politics: the statements of governments, the acts of leaders, official documents, conferences, and statistics. These still absorb me. Governments invade the lives of all of us—too much, probably, but there it is, and what they do is enormously important. But nowadays I find enlightenment in a chat with a London policeman as he patrols his beat, in examining a class of children in a village school in Yugoslavia, in bull-session discussions with university students in Munich and Calcutta, visiting a Japanese novelist and sitting on the floor and eating raw fish, or talking with peasants in the rice fields of Indo-China. I ask Prime Minister U Nu about his development plans for Burma, but with a little prod he tells me, too, about his swimming excursions with his family. Chancellor Adenauer tells me about his desire to make Germany a part of Western civilization, as it was before unification in Goethe's time, but I get a better insight into his thinking from some comments on a book he has been reading. I used to look down my nose in a kind of intellectual snobbery at the idea of describing what a statesman wore. But I have discovered that the eye-piercing shirts and energetic gestures of President Magsaysay of the Philippines and Tito's clothes—and the drinks he serves—are not only interesting, they are part of the man.

The interaction between populations, politicians, and politics is almost the most fascinating aspect of world affairs. What makes England a democracy—laws or the automobile driver's road manners and the public's attitude toward sports? I would say that laws are a result rather than a cause. Family life is a good key to postwar Japan. What a Hindu will eat is not one of Prime Minister Nehru's big economic problems. The Indian attitude toward the cow, monkeys, and a fast is reflected in election figures. . . . A country is a complicated tapestry or, rather, a symphony of politics and poetry, economics and religion, law and language, tradition and imported isms, and of prejudice, pride, hope, hate, fear, faith, geography, natural resources, natural catastrophes, and many other things.

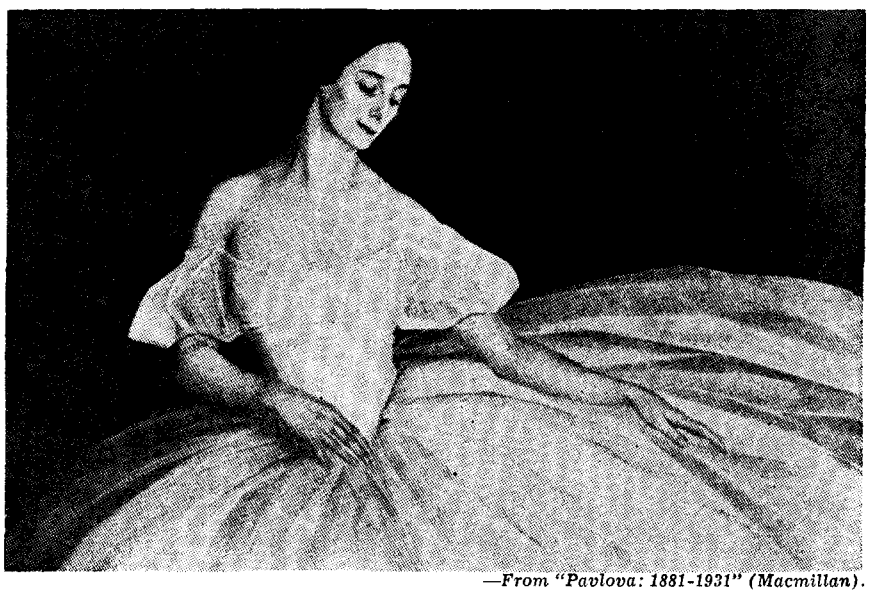
—From "This Is Our World," by Louis Fischer (Harper).

America: British View

MUSINGS: Little things, like the clever landscaping on the Merritt Parkway, Howard Johnson's restaurants, the first banana split we had ever had—or seen. Little things, because it was during those early, joyful weeks that our eyes and ears were alert and receptive to the trivial, thrilling detail of the New World: a gray squirrel at a bus stop, the siren of a fire-engine, a robin, a Negro child buying a Coke at the drugstore.

—R.Q., 1952.

NEW YORK, TIMES SQUARE: Suddenly it seemed to me that my quiet life of study and research had been monastic indeed as I gazed up at the gargantuan



—From "Pavlova: 1881-1931" (Macmillan).

Pavlova as seen by Savely Sorin, a Russian artist.

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nudity of the figures on Mr. Bond's remarkable sign in Times Square.

—R. Q., 1952.

THE BIBLE BELT: The Director was an alert, spare man, and looked like a Welshman. Actually, he was of German origin and left his farm to become Director. As befitted a Director in the Bible Belt, there was a Bible on his desk for all to see. I soon found that it stood not only for no drinking, no smoking, no immorality, but, above all, no damyankees.

—C. H. W. M., 1948.

MINNESOTANS: Some Minnesotans are such enthusiasts for their lake scenery that they are prepared to come out of their lovely heated homes in the middle of below-zero winter, and sit for hours in a little shelter on the ice, just thinking and drinking it all in. They are supposed to be fishing through a hole in the ice, but though we passed many of these colonies we never saw any fish! —A.D., 1952.

LOS ANGELES: I was told in New York that Los Angeles was a wilderness of palm-lined boulevards, a Pacific extension of Iowa, a mushroom growth in the desert, yet I found none of these things. It is true that Los Angeles typifies for me much that seemed specifically American—rapid growth, newness for its own sake, the culture of coffee-bar and drugstore, an element of callousness that accompanies unchecked competition—but these impressions are mellowed by the golden California sunshine. Perhaps my most vivid memory is of getting up each day in Beverly Hills to be greeted by a morning like the most perfect sunlit spring day in England, and of feeling, amongst healthy, happy people who crowded the streets, that anything was possible, and even likely.

—J. H. R., 1947.

—From "Cousins and Strangers: Comments on America by Commonwealth Fund Fellows from Britain, 1946-1952," edited by S. Gorley Putt (Harvard University Press).

Russian Freedoms

I DISCUSSED the matter of freedom of expression with many university people on my Russian journey. I had one talk at the University of Tashkent that lasted two and a half hours. The director of the university, the vice-chancellor, and eight faculty members were present. They were an alert, learned group; and one of them, Bondarcosky, who is the head of the Department of Oriental History, speaks excellent English. . . .

The entire group instantly responded when I said that Russian educational institutions did not have the academic freedom which we enjoy at my college, Whitman, at Harvard, or at Columbia. They challenged my statement vigorously. They referred to Article 125 of the Soviet Constitution. . . . They pointed out that in the University of Tashkent there are many magazines published in the United States on foreign affairs, economics, and political science.

"We are hungry for more," said Bondarcosky. "We need to know the world; we need to study all societies, past and present."

"But you extol only Communism in the classroom," I replied.

"Communism is our ideology and we are proud of it," Bondarcosky answered. "But we encourage exposure to the ideas of other systems."

"Only to denounce them, not to study them objectively," I said.

"More objectively than some of you look at Communism," he replied.

"You would be discharged if you criticized Communism in the classroom." I suggested.

At that, the room was in an uproar. Bondarcosky politely but emphatically denied my suggestion. He went on to point out that the Soviet papers and periodicals are filled with criticisms of the Communist Party. Only recently, he said, Bulganin had criticized Soviet achievements in industry, Khruschev in Soviet agriculture.

"The press is full of the shortcomings of our government," he shouted.

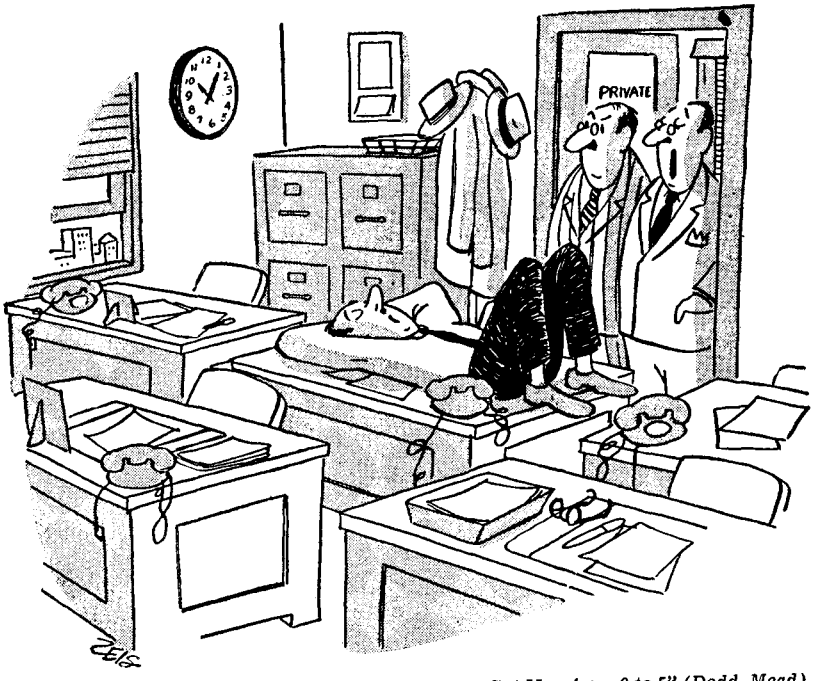
Then it was that I first realized what the Soviets mean by "freedom of speech" and "freedom of the press."

"You mean," I said to Bondarcosky, "that there is complete freedom of expression in Russia, provided it is within the discipline of the Communist Party."

"Exactly," he answered, as his fist hit the table.

"Within the discipline of the Communist Party." That's what Article 125 means.

—From "Russian Journey," by William O. Douglas (to be published June 7 by Doubleday).



—By Zeis, from "You've Got Me—from 9 to 5" (Dodd, Mead).

"Hanson doesn't care for coffee."

Writer's Notes

SPRING, 1869—One of those evenings when the townsman feels, "I will stay here till I die. I would, that is, if it were not for that thousand pounds I want to make, and that friend I want to envy me."

April 25, 1870—Nine tenths of the letters in which people speak unreservedly of their inmost feelings are written after ten at night.

February 7, 1871—Though there is a good deal too strange to be believed, nothing is too strange to have happened.

May 29, 1871—The most prosaic man becomes a poem when you stand beside his grave and think of him.

December 19, 1874—The Reverend Mr. Wilkinson in Cornwall married a handsome actress. She settled down to serve God as unceremoniously as she had previously done Mammon.

October 16, 1926—Critics: They fix the rank of their author by his value as an artificer, not as an inventor; a shaper, not a creator. Critics of plays likewise.

—From "Thomas Hardy's Notebooks," edited, with notes, by Evelyn Hardy (St. Martin's Press).

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GOOD READING FOR SPRING

SR's Seasonal Book Poll

IF SOMEONE whose literary tastes are discriminating asked you to name half a dozen "good new books" that they would enjoy reading this spring what would be your answer? We asked this question of twenty-nine book editors of leading newspapers from coast to coast. They had suggestions—a total of eighty-two, to be exact. Thirty-one turned out to be fiction and fifty-one general.

Although there is no particular virtue in numbers, it is always interesting to see which books the editors name most frequently. Seven stand out from the crowd:

"A History of the English Speaking People: The Birth of Britain," by Winston S. Churchill, eighteen votes.
"The Quiet American," by Graham Greene, twelve votes.
"Years of Trial and Hope," by Harry S. Truman, eight votes.
"The Last Hurrah," by Edwin O'Connor, eight votes.
"Imperial Woman," by Pearl S. Buck, seven votes.
"The Mandarins," by Simone de Beauvoir, seven votes.
"The Power Elite," by C. Wright Mills, five votes.

In the hope that you will find the editors' suggestions useful as a guide to your own reading we list all the books nominated below. As in the past, we are greatly indebted to Marianne Gutman for assistance in compiling the list and to John Haverstick for help with the annotations. The names in the brackets following each annotation are those of the twenty-nine book editors who made the nominations.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Fiction

TWELVE VOTES

THE QUIET AMERICAN. *By Graham Greene. Viking Press.* $3.50.
Mr. Greene's novel of a light-stepping American in Saigon (and of love, intrigue, and contemporary world politics) has been criticized for its characterization of America, but it is nonetheless as excellent a novel as Mr. Greene has done in the past decade. (Bradley, Dolbier, Emmart, Flowers, Hogan, Kogan, Little, Rothermel, Thomas B. Sherman, Snajdr, Tinkle, Yeiser.)

EIGHT VOTES

THE LAST HURRAH. *By Edwin O'Connor. Little, Brown.* $4.
The best-selling novel of Irish-Americans (and their politics) which has won the Atlantic Monthly Press Prize, become a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, and achieved several other literary distinctions too numerous to be listed here. (Bond, Cross, Douglas, Hormel, Little, McAlister, Molyneaux, O'Neill.)

SEVEN VOTES

IMPERIAL WOMAN. *By Pearl S. Buck. John Day.* $4.95.
The life story of the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi, who was largely responsible for the Boxer Rebellion, of her rise to the throne from third-rank concubine, and of other interesting matters concerning Tzu Hsi's life as remembered and fictionalized by a Nobel Prizewinning novelist who was born in China sometime around the era of Tzu Hsi. (Babcock, Bradley, Douglas, Flowers, Rothermel, John K. Sherman, Smith.)

THE MANDARINS. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Leonard M. Friedman. World Publishing Co.* $6.
Postwar love and ideas in a postwar Left Bank Parisian apartment. A novel which won the *Prix Goncourt* when it first appeared in France. (Barkham, Cross, Dolbier, Hass, Kogan, John K. Sherman, Tinkle.)

FOUR VOTES

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY. *By Mark Harris. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A novel about baseball, lifted to first-class literature by a life-and-death theme. By the author of "The Southpaw." (Cady, McManis, Thomas B. Sherman, Yeiser.)

THREE VOTES

THE HORSE SOLDIERS. *By Harold Sinclair. Harper & Bros.* $3.95.
About the unwitting heroes who as members of Grierson's cavalry cut a swath across Mississippi during the Civil War. (Cady, Cross, Hass.)

THE SHADOW OF MY HAND. *By Holger Cahill. Harcourt, Brace.* $4.95.
This one is about a young man in search of his soul who, among other affairs, has several brushes with a wheat farmer who is running for Congress (on the Republican ticket) and several interesting sexual experiences and/or conversations with the wheat farmer's sister. (Little, Smith, Snajdr.)

TWO VOTES

H. M. S. ULYSSES. *By Alistair MacLean. Doubleday.* $3.95.
The story of what happened when the crew of a British light cruiser that had mutinied during wartime in frigid Arctic waters was ordered back into dangerous convoy service. (Hogan, McManis.)

HARRY OF MONMOUTH. *By A. M. Maughan. William Sloane.* $4.50.
A story of Henry V as riotous and dissolute prince and as admirable king of England. —all of it differing, however, from one William Shakespeare's interpretation of the same fellow. (Bond, Cady.)

THE MALEFACTORS. *By Caroline Gordon. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.95.
A frightening little tale of the sufferings of a frustrated poet (who says, "I've been dead myself for seven years"), of his wife (who turns her attentions to animal husbandry), and of their assorted friends (several religious fanatics and several homosexuals), and, of course, of the tangle that finally results when most of these meet on a Pennsylvania farm. (John K. Sherman, Yeiser.)

MR. HAMISH GLEAVE. *By Richard Llewellyn. Doubleday.* $3.95.
All about the Burgess-MacLean case (the one which involved the two British Foreign Office men who deserted to Communism in 1951) as fictionalized by the author of the once best-selling "How Green Was My Valley." (Thomas B. Sherman, Yeiser.)

A PERFECT WOMAN. *By L. P. Hartley. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.95.
An ironic tale of restiveness simmering beneath apparently composed middle-class English life. (Emmart, Wyllie.)

A SINGLE PEBBLE. *By John Hersey. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.
All about some Americans who went dam-building in China (and about the Chinese whom they met while dam-building). A new novel by the author of "Hiroshima," "The Wall," and "A Bell for Adano." (Bond, Flowers.)

SOME INNER FURY. *By Kamala Markandaya. John Day.* $3.50.
The growth and flowering of a young girl who, leaving the confines of her traditional family in India, encounters the larger world of love and experience in England. (Little, Molyneaux.)

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE. *By Nelson Algren. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4.50
Pimps, panderers, and whorehouses in New Orleans, all done up nicely by the author of the best-selling "The Man With the Golden Arm." (Bradley, Kogan.)

ONE VOTE

THE ABODE OF LOVE. *By Aubrey Menen. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
Or "Life in an English Harem," being the strange tale of a highly unusual Victorian clergyman who was un-Victorian enough to maintain an Oriental harem quite publicly on the southern coast of Victorian England. (Barkham.)

THE ACCEPTANCE. WORLD. *By Anthony Powell. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3.50.
The ins and outs of those posh-and-poor

(*Continued on page* 61)

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The Mold of a Statesman

"Savrola," by Winston Churchill *(Random House. 241 pp. $3.50), the only novel written by the great British Prime Minister, first issued in England sixty years ago, foretold its author's glorious political destiny.*

By Ben Ray Redman

IN THE year 1826 a young man of twenty-two who was destined to be one of his country's most distinguished prime ministers published the first of his many novels. In the year 1897 a young man of twenty-three who was destined to be one of his country's most distinguished prime ministers published his one and only novel. Neither "Vivian Grey," by Benjamin Disraeli, nor "Savrola," by Winston Churchill, can have had many readers in recent years, but the second is almost certain to be read widely now that it has been reissued, and both these novels have a strong claim upon our interest for other than literary reasons. It has long been a commonplace that Disraeli's novels form a kind of serial autobiography in which his ideas, ideals, and ambitions stand revealed; and now that "Savrola" is in print again it should be plain that this tale of an imaginary country, written by an officer of Her Majesty's IV Hussars who was soon to enter Parliament, has a good deal to tell us about the ideas, ideals, and ambitions of its author.

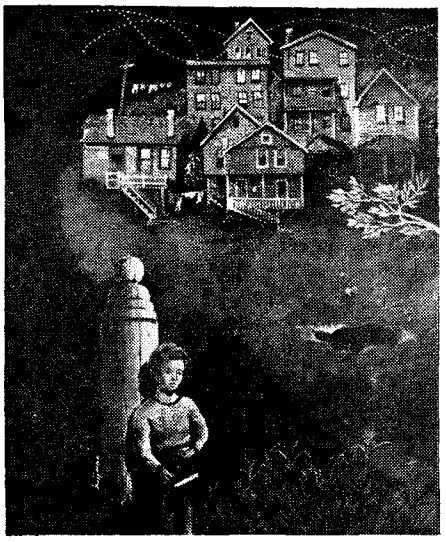
When we read the novel today it is not the rather simple story of a dictator's defeat by revolutionary forces that holds us, nor is it the chaste and somewhat stilted love story of Savrola and the dictator's wife. It is the character of Savrola himself that fascinates us, for we realize that in creating the great republican of Laurania young Churchill was depicting his ideal hero, that he was putting into words the kind of man he wished to be—that he was, perhaps, determined to become.

Savrola was a born leader and swayer of men, at once a sagacious statesman and a cunning politician, wise in council, calm in crisis, brave in action. "His very presence imparted a feeling of confidence to his followers." He might dream of living the life of an artist, but he knew that for him "ambition was the motive force, and he was powerless to resist it." The furnishings of his room were those of a man "who appreciated all earthly pleasures, appraised them at their proper worth, enjoyed, and despised them." Eager as he was for all that life could give, he was still a philosopher who could contemplate the end of the solar system with composure.

But this hero's greatest gift, perhaps, is that of oratory, and it is when we read young Churchill's description of Savrola's reveling in the composition of a speech that we are most keenly aware that we are reading prophecy as well as fiction. "These impromptu feats of oratory," reflected Savrola as he planned to move a multitude, "existed only in the minds of the listeners; the flowers of rhetoric were hothouse plants." We watch him as he calculates how best to force and cultivate these flowers, exclaiming to himself: "What a game!" And, as we watch, the young Lauranian leader fades from sight and the familiar figure of the great Prime Minister looms before our eyes.

—The Old Print Seller Collection.

Sir Winston in 1900—"prophecy."



—Jacket for "Wine for the Living."

". . . Armenians seen from the inside."

Displaced Persons

"Wine for the Living," by Richard Hagopian *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 307 pp. $3.95), is a novel about Armenians living near Boston, their hopes and their disillusions.*

By Thomas Gallagher

RICHARD HAGOPIAN's novel, "Wine for the Living," is an insistently honest and therefore not a Saroyanesque book about an Armenian family living in the outskirts of Boston. Poignancy, tenderness, and humor are here, but no foolishness and no unfounded affirmation. Its immigrants, the Armenians seen from the inside, the Italians from the outside, are those tardy spirits who sink their roots in the flatlands around our Eastern cities and whose drab alarm-clock lives are like bleats that it is better never than this late. Living in the shadow of Boston but at once bereft of America's transcendental meanings and failures at making lots of money, they seem to be forever asking themselves the question "Where did it all go?" For, unlike Sherwood Anderson's Midwesterners, they have not forgotten the beauty laboriously built up in Europe. They cannot afford to forget it and, indeed, are not encouraged to in a country where corporations now spend millions on "motivational research" to find out what makes the buying heart of America tick, where defunct theatre marquees proclaim sales on pork, and where the only pioneering goad is upward to executive suite.

It is the ferment in the hearts of neither-nor immigrants, the "Wine"

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of the title, and what that ferment does to their American-born children, the "Living," that Richard Hagopian concerns himself with in this book. There is the father, Ara Aroian, whose loutish refereeing between his good intentions and his incapacity to express them makes up some of the most affecting scenes in the book; his only occasionally sympathetic wife, Lucy, who suffers from what might be called the sickness of being simply alive and for which the only cure is death; her brother Atanas, interloper fresh from Lebanon, a more successful embodiment of evil than the minister in "Night of the Hunter" because he is quite sane. And Paul, the son whom experience hits the way headlights hit a deer, who does not want to see his home life shattered completely by his uncle. The elders, tired to their marrow with disoriented thoughts and wishful yearnings, resemble characters in Chekhov who are most alone when they are together.

There are many memorable scenes. At the dinner table, for example, when Atanus berates his nephew Paul for plucking single grapes from a bunch instead of plucking a small cluster of ten or fifteen grapes off the main stem of the main cluster; the party at which the son of Garo Garabed, Ara's friend from the old country, plays the violin; the seduction of Garo's "Kiddo" wife Mabel by Atanus; the moments between Ara and his son Paul when their hearts almost meet; between Paul and the gentle barber Paul Tripo; the mandolin, flute, and accordion concerts at Tripo's home in the apple orchard on Sundays; and, most affecting of all, the passage at the end when Paul tries to lead his tired mother into this country, as it were, by showing her the medal he won at school and then how, failing that, he grips it tighter and tighter in his pocket as he hears his father's footsteps on the porch.

These well-teased scenes are like the parts of a play one leaves a theatre with; they have been disentangled for us as life is not and yet they resemble life. The writing, too, carries its cargo foremost rather than itself: "On Sundays they put on their comfortable clothes and after early morning mass they assembled at John Tripo's house in the apple orchard and thought their several thoughts as they passed around and sucked from the long red tube stuck in the bung-hole of the wine barrel."

Like the boy Paul, straddler of two worlds and potential enricher of this one, Mr. Hagopian becomes with this book an example of that potential realizing itself.

Robert Henriques—"new things to say."

Compulsive Hero

"Red Over Green," by Robert Henriques *(Viking Press. 340 pp. $3.95), is the story of a man determined to make up on the battlefield for the failures of his civilian life.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

LIKE his "No Arms, No Armour," Robert Henriques's "Red Over Green" is both interesting and bound to be successful. It is well-constructed, aptly written, and rapidly paced. Moreover, though it faintly suggests Graham Greene's style and a combination of a Hemingway love affair with a Waugh treatment of men in battle, "Red Over Green" does have some new things to say. The hero is a commando spurred by failure to make his military life less of a mess than his previous "successful" career as a solicitor, husband, and lover. Involved with a hopelessly ill wife, his job, and a mistress who makes adultery seem almost innocent, he is a compulsive hero, a bicycle-borne commando who goes from fatness to fitness and ultimately becomes pretty happy as well as generally respected. All this plus the excitement of Operation Red Over Green (operation concluded; going home) and the satisfaction of a fairly plausible ending that gives more than poetic justice should please even the commonest reader.

But there is more to Mr. Henriques's novel than this. The lost-generation mistress, Kate, who insists on maintaining status as a self-respecting woman, is engagingly ridiculous. Though he swashbuckles a bit too much, Hatherley-Cooke, a commander who prefers daring to protocol, is "quite a chap." So is his subordinate Ginger, who is good at nearly everything but getting the women to fall for him—and a good many bad-and-good others who end up as commandos. Barry, the protagonist who can't quite become either a proper husband or a good lover, is plausible despite the potentially corny situation in which he is involved. He wants to be good to his sick wife and to believe in something above and better than himself. Indeed, he nearly succeeds.

As perhaps you have gathered, "Red Over Green" entertains (no mere merit), but does not rank with such excellent American novels about war as Alfred Hayes's "All Thy Conquests" or the two excellent novels about men at arms by Evelyn Waugh. Its excellent pace and its almost sensational incidents make it read as well and better than a mystery. But how slick the novel often is! There's just enough sex that never becomes very sexual; just enough horror, never too horrible. The underlying philosophy seems to be that of someone who once thought England won its battles on the playing fields of Eton and, while still believing, knows it's not properly sophisticated to underline such a belief any longer. The sometimes good style can descend into such banality as this: "As he kissed her, with closed eyes, she was still his original and exquisite wife."

Whether I'm persuading you to read or not to read "Red Over Green" I don't quite know. I read it with a pleasure I'm slightly ashamed of. Certainly it isn't as good as such gangling American novels about World War II as "From Here to Eternity" or such uneven English novels about World War I as Ford Madox Ford's "Parade's End." I can't pan a novel that's better than ninety from a hundred, but I do mean to say that Robert Henriques shows a capacity to write a much better novel and that I hope he will.

ENGLISH MADAME BOVARY: H. E. Bates's latest novel departs from the pattern of his tales of violent action in exotic settings to describe a domestic tragedy in a small English town. The result, **"The Sleepless Moon"** (Little, Brown, $4), is a drab, featureless, contrived melodrama—"Madame Bovary" without Emma and with a hero who makes poor Charles Bovary seem almost attractive. The heroine is Constance, a young milliner's assistant, who marries Melford Turner, a well-to-do grocer of forty, only to discover that her hope of finding love and security is an illusion. After a few months she is driven by loneliness and frustration into the arms of the piano-player at the local

(*Continued on page* 56)

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The Era of the Middle Class

"Revolt of the Moderates," by Samuel Lubell *(Harper. 308 pp. $3.75), argues that the 1952 elections reflected a movement against all forms of political extremism and offers suggestions as to where this may lead. Sidney Hyman of the staff of the* Washington Post, *and author of "The American President," reviews it below.*

By Sidney Hyman

SAMUEL LUBELL is uncommonly gifted in the use of voting returns to chart and interpret the criss-crossing streams that make for current American history. His first book, "The Future of American Politics," stands in a class by itself for what it revealed about our society as viewed through the votes cast in the 1948 elections. Now in his major new book, "Revolt of the Moderates," he has applied his special techniques to get at the meaning of the Eisenhower Presidency—and the trends of contemporary America—as viewed through the 1952 election returns.

His finding, broadly stated, is this: The American electorate—and chiefly its expanding middle class—is undergoing a difficult testing period. It is trying to break free of an outmoded past and to forge in its place a new internal majority of political power suited to an external world full of uncontrollable hazards. Meanwhile, the Democratic and Republican parties alike have contained polar forces ready with extremist solutions to issues such as racial and religious tolerance, foreign affairs, and economic status—issues that must be resolved en route to the new unity that is wanted.

But if this was true of our major parties, in the electorate at large the 1952 elections reflected a "revolt of the moderates" against all forms of extremism and a yearning for some sort of middle plateau on which the nation could locate its new and equable center of gravity. General Eisenhower was the chosen instrument for this yearning, which cut across all classes and all regions. His 1952 election victory, therefore, was a transcript of this mood, even as "the essential quality" of his subsequent Presidential leadership "has lain in the skill with which he has followed the public mood."

Further than this, Mr. Lubell indicates that the "revolt of the moderates" has not yet made its triumph absolute. The two major parties still play host to divisive forces that can tear asunder such filaments of the new unity as have been spun. In the case of the Democratic Party, for example, the hardening composition of "sure" seats in the South and the North may increase the antipathies between party members who are concerned chiefly with racial or chiefly with economic questions. So too can the Republican Party be put under a new and intense strain by virtue of still latent disagreements over foreign affairs and farm policy.

YET on balance—so Mr. Lubell argues—the forces that are making for a new unity are stronger than those making for division in the nation. Indeed, such conflicts as are current among us reflect a creative and healthy struggle—without end—for the new unity we seek.

To give force and focus to his general thesis Mr. Lubell uses a mixed method of exposition. On the assumption that political leaders, for better or worse, will mirror the dominant mood of the electorate, he has sketched in the traits of certain political personages for what they reveal of the general American attitude toward the issues that lie at the heart of our search for a new unity. Following this he examines in closer detail the political terrain beneath the representative men he portrayed.

Among other things Mr. Lubell argues that a desire to preserve the economic gains won since the Depres-

Why We Vote the Way We Do

OVER the dust jacket of Samuel Lubell's newest study, "Revolt of the Moderates," which is reviewed above, the publishers have added a special paper band which promises: "The book that tells you how you vote and why." That the publishers are right—and sometimes incongruously so—is proved by these excerpts:

• A lifelong Democrat [a Detroit worker] was explaining why he favored Eisenhower [in 1952]. Mainly he was "sick of having politicians running the country" and wanted "this inflation stopped." His ten-year-old son interrupted to ask, "Daddy, what is the difference between a Democrat and a Republican?" "That's a good question, so," the father replied. "The Republicans are for people with money and the Democrats are for us poor people."

• Some families, unable to resolve . . . clashing feelings, split their votes. In Detroit one tool-and-die worker went back to the Democratic Party "because so many people were being laid off." His wife stuck with the Republicans, explaining, "My son who was in the Army is back home. I felt I owed them a vote."

• In 1954 the dominant issue was economic. On that issue millions of voters did not fully trust either party. As one Illinois farmer commented, "I voted for Eisenhower to turn the tide of too much reliance on government. Now I'm voting Democratic again to see that things don't go too far the other way."

• In the same distrustful vein, a Jersey City bus driver was trying to figure out which party was likely to win the House before deciding whom to vote for in the Senate race. "I'd like to see a different party in control of each part of Congress," he explained. "Then they'll watch each other and won't let either party have things too much its own way."

• "He once gave me a shopping bag," was how a Dayton, Ohio, worker explained his support of Congressman Paul F. Schenk. Other persons justified their preference for a particular candidate with remarks like these: "He sent me a questionnaire which asked my opinion on the farm bill" or "I shook hands with him at an American Legion meeting" or "I wrote him a letter and he answered me so nice" or "He sent me a booklet on infant care" or "I've seen his name on more billboards—I never even heard of the man running against him."

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sion has, on the one hand, brought about a revival of genuine two-party politics for the first time since the 1890s. On the other hand, the economic conservatism underlying that same desire has impeded the full use of our economic resources in the winning of the Cold War. Going beyond this Mr. Lubell analyzes the role of business in our society and examines the dilemma it faces as it tries to transform itself into a truly conservative force at home while accommodating itself to the external requirements of the nation.

Nor is business alone taxed by contradictions of one or another sort. Among a host of others Mr. Lubell sets forth there is the contradiction latent in a technological revolution that tends to unite the middle class, distract labor, and divide the farmer —while in the over-all, "the pace of a possible realignment of our social and political forces is slowed by two venerable institutions, the Congress and the small town."

It is in this aspect of his exposition—more so than in his general thesis—that Mr. Lubell's great talents come to their full blaze. So much so that the flare paths of the paragraphs he devotes to an analysis of the particular facets of our society are certain to act as directional signs for all other political students who come after him.

THERE is but one salient criticism to which this book is open. Unless this reviewer has misread the text, Mr. Lubell seems to have some difficulty in making up his mind as to whether an Eisenhower Presidency—which moves "in the direction toward which [the people] are already inclined"—is a Presidency suited to the needs of the hour. While seeming at first to endorse that kind of Presidency as the proper agent of a moderation—entrusted to the middle class—Mr. Lubell in a later portion of his book appears to reverse himself.

He seems to argue, that is, that the way for a President to secure the objectives underlying the revolt of the moderates is to be rather immoderate. For, as Mr. Lubell correctly notes, moderate—or middle-class politics—tends in the direction of stalemate politics. An outer national force, represented in the Presidency, must therefore be brought into play to shove everyone off dead center so that the national business can go forward.

But if one can take an exception of this sort to what Mr. Lubell has presented, the book as a whole will provide its readers with hours of exhilarating reading.

Dossier on Dick

"This Is Nixon," by James Keogh *(G. P. Putnam. 192 pp. $2.75), is the second biography of the controversial Vice President to be published within the month. It is reviewed by Jack Steele, Washington correspondent for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.*

By Jack Steele

AT LAST a book has been written about Dick Nixon which is factual and fair and which may—if enough people read it—serve to calm some of the storms which have recently swirled around him. James Keogh, associate editor of *Time*, has achieved this feat in "This Is Nixon" by the simple expedient of pulling together the Nixon record and for the most part letting it speak for itself. Fully half of the book is in Mr. Nixon's own words, gleaned from his political speeches and other public utterances. The rest, written without seeming partiality, is Mr. Keogh's account of major events in the Nixon career necessary to give meaning and continuity to his words. This is a job that needed doing, and Mr. Keogh has done it well. The result, of course, will not satisfy everyone. No book about a living politician could.

"This Is Nixon" is on the whole friendly; but it is not idolatrous. The author has painted the Vice President warts and all—but has found the warts to be far less disfiguring than they seem to his detractors. So confirmed Nixon-haters won't like the book. They won't find anything in the Nixon record—as Mr. Keogh sets it forth—to justify their criticism of him as "Tricky Dick," as a "smear artist," or as an over-ambitious politician without either principles or a philosophy. But many others, who feel a vague distrust of Mr. Nixon or a desire to know whether there is any basis for the many charges which have been leveled at him, will find answers to many of their questions in its pages.

It is impossible in a brief review to do more than hint at these answers. What is important is that they are now available to anyone in the less than two hundred pages of this tightly-written book.

Mr. Keogh concedes that Mr. Nixon is a "political animal" who, in his "rocking, socking" campaigns, has made "more uncomplimentary comments" about Democratic leaders than any other living Republican. These Democrats, naturally enough, have hit back. But the record shows, according to Mr. Keogh, that most of their countercharges are canards or worse. He concludes, for instance, that:

The charge that Nixon has indicted the whole Democratic Party as disloyal or corrupt is "quite untrue."

The charge that Nixon ever called former President Truman a "traitor" is equally untrue—although someone else may have.

The charge that Nixon is a "junior-grade McCarthy" does not square with the fact that the Vice President in his own Red-hunting was scrupulously fair.

The charge that Nixon is "innocent of doctrine" ignores the fact that he was expounding long before 1952 what have become the basic policies of the Eisenhower Administration.

ASSESSING the Vice President as an "intense, serious, earnest, industrious, ambitious, able man," Mr. Keogh goes on to say:

> In his ten years of public life he has absorbed and analyzed and discussed publicly an astonishing range of important issues. At times his intensity has caused him to overstate his case. But he has overstated it far less than his foes have overstated their case against him. . . .
>
> Some men fear him. Those who do are, in considerable part, people who believe that his patriotism and his ambition are too intense, or who misunderstand him. Some men cannot stomach him. They are largely represented and affected by certain men of letters who regard themselves as the defenders of intellectualism, and who look upon Nixon as too plain, too blunt, and too slick. . . .
>
> But there is substantial evi-

—Justus in The Minneapolis Star.

"Who Said the Office Is Neglected?"

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dence that a great mass of the American people, knowing where Richard Nixon came from and what he stands for and where he stands, would understand him and stand with him. . . . He has a passionate faith in, and indeed represents, the doctrines of individual freedom and opportunity, under the law. Despite the attacks that have been made on it, that faith is still embedded in the American character.

Remarking that Mr. Nixon may still be around for six more Presidential elections, Mr. Keogh adds: "Considering how far he has come and how much he has done in just one decade of public life, that is indeed a prospect to appall his foes and hearten his friends."

Some others may read the Nixon record differently, but it is hard to challenge Mr. Keogh's forecast that he may be in the Presidential picture for a long time to come.

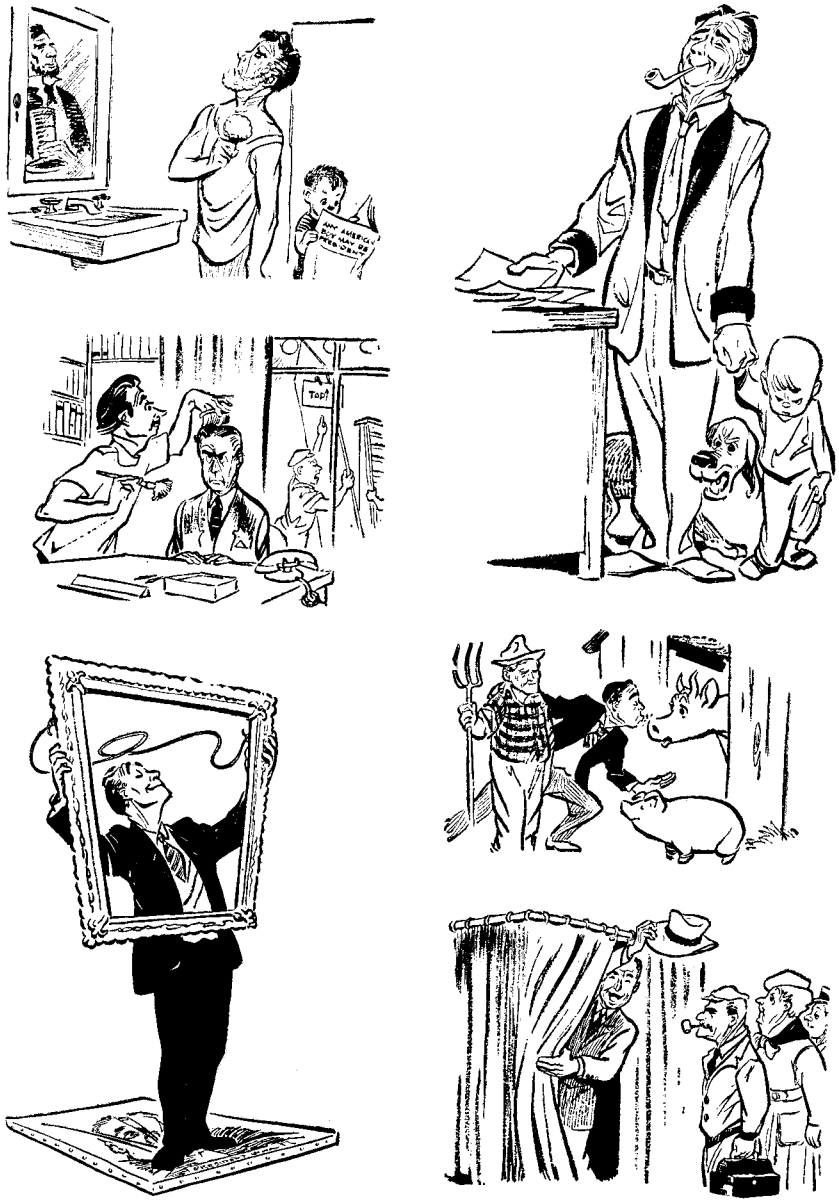
WORKMEN'S ASPIRATIONS: "Industrial workers . . . face the following dilemma. On the one hand they are encouraged to aim high and to persist relentlessly; they are provided with an array of prescriptions for success; they are burdened with full responsibility for their fate. On the other hand, they live in a world of only limited opportunity. The task of this book is to explore the problems created for workers by this disparity between tradition and reality and to examine what 'opportunity' means to industrial workers." This is the way Ely Chinoy of Smith College sums up his subjective interpretation of the industrial worker's lot. In **"Automobile Workers and the American Dream"** (Doubleday, $3) Mr. Chinoy employs a select number of interviews to gauge workers' goals and aspirations in and out of the automobile factory.

By working in an auto plant and gaining the cooperation of the union, Mr. Chinoy encouraged his interviewees to talk freely. From their "gripe" stories and the ingrown factory-folklore, he sifted out enough data to give a realistic and at times bleak view of factory labor.

Mr. Chinoy notes that in order to gain immediate gratification—having a good time, owning a car or motorcycle—the young today will seek relatively well-paying factory jobs, forsaking the possibility of educational and professional training. After a time these people realize the narrow range of semi-skilled work to which they have become confined. Mr. Chinoy also finds a continual alteration of goals. On the job it means finding the least strenuous menial or supervised type of work, with a view toward conserving energy toward doing off-the-job things that are pleasurable. Once they find that work in the factory does not enlist their interest or abilities, many original ambitions are squashed and "hanging on" to their jobs becomes the primary concern.

From Mr. Chinoy's valuable field study and David Reisman's introductory essay, conclusions might be drawn as to action management could take that would profoundly change workers' attitudes. Heading the list would be a reexamination of present "laid-out time-studied" jobs which do not allow room to demonstrate initiative or ability, and a constructive system of job-vacancy filling from the ranks.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.



THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE: The bland and smiling fellow shown in the sequence above probably looks a lot happier than he is. For he is intended by his creator, famed cartoonist Walt Kelly, to be the poor fellow who, at one of his worst moments, has heard his wife say sarcastically, "A fine President you'd make!" Jumping off from that point, Mr. Kelly has illustrated an entertaining book entitled **"I'd Rather Be President,"** by Charles Ellis and Frank Weir (to be published April 25 by Simon & Schuster at $2.95). At top left Mr. Kelly's protagonist strikes the proper pose with shaving brush. But (just below) he also submits to the proper grooming for a television appearance. And despite his obvious delusions of grandeur (lower left) he still has to buss the livestock (right) and somehow live to feel that greatest moment of pleasure (or horror) when, achieving the proper stance for the photographer, he pulls the lever above his own name.

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Socrates in the Woods

"Thoreau of Walden," by Henry Beetle Hough *(Simon & Schuster. 275 pp. $4), is a reappraisal of a nineteenth-century American who was at war with human society but not with God. Our reviewer, Louis J. Halle, is the author of "Spring in Washington" and other books on nature.*

By Louis J. Halle

THOREAU's feud with human society a century ago seems like child's play in our present retrospect; his antagonist has grown so. Since his day the numbers of mankind have doubled and gone far toward doubling a second time. Take your eye off the human race for just an hour and it is four thousand bigger when you look again. Another Concord to cope with!

It will hardly do, today, to tell mankind that it need not live by the sweat of its brow if it will only consider what are its true needs. Or to preach civil disobedience where men have grown to mobs. The day is past when a man could have a whole Walden Pond to himself, not just a ticket to line up for a turn on the diving board (one of the recreation facilities now provided by the State). Highway 126 comes so close to the old pond that we shall soon hear of trailer-trucks running down the outer edge of the crowd. Where the solitary loon laughed the voice of the portable radio sounds in spasms when the wind is right.

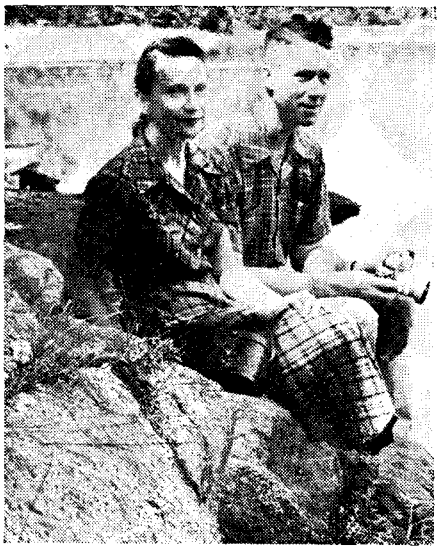
If we have more to transcend than Emerson and Thoreau we also have a greater need. Without transcendentalism the day might be near when the inner man no longer had the strength to turn off the television. The President recognizes that this inner man is a national resource like any other (petroleum, for example). Should he not, then, set up a special commission to submit an annual report on it? We are in danger of a recession.

In some respects Thoreau was inexperienced. He did not understand the dynamics of the industrial and antibiotic revolutions. He did not understand that democracy does not mean us persons but the people. He thought a house and barn too much of a load for a man to bear, not having investigated the cost of intercontinental ballistic missiles. But he had a firm grip on the fact that what counted was the inside of a man, that he ought first to make himself comfortable there. When he had done that he would find harmonies in the outer world even though his body inhabited a jail.

There is always the suspicion of the poseur in one who makes a point of social defiance. The best test of Thoreau's sterling, however, is that at the age of forty-five he saw death coming and, like Socrates, minded it not at all. Asked whether he had made his peace with God he replied that he was not aware he and God had ever quarreled. "One world at a time," he said when consideration of the afterlife was suggested to him. In his last letter he wrote: "I suppose that I have not many months to live; but of course I know nothing about it. I may add that I am enjoying existence as much as ever. . . ." All this without a psychiatrist!

We ought to have a subversive Socrates in every generation to make up for everything else.

One test of perfection in a biography is that there is nothing to be said about it, its subject being the whole thing. Henry Beetle Hough is that renegade from the big cities who edits the *Gazette* on Martha's Vineyard and who made himself known through his personal memoir, "Country Editor," some years ago. Now here, under his name, is a glass in which we see, like life itself, another small Massachusetts town, with its lawyers, its preachers, its poets, its maiden aunts, the grandeur and pity of its plain living and high thinking. Here above all, no larger and no smaller than life, is the town loafer, who would have drunk the hemlock too if he had waited longer to be born.



The Milnes—"forthright."

Life in the Dark

"The World of Night," by Lorus J. and Margery Milne *(Harper. 224 pp. $3.50), is a popular account of what happens in the world of nature during darkness. Ivan T. Sanderson, our reviewer, has conducted several series of natural-history programs on radio and television.*

By Ivan T. Sanderson

ALTHOUGH it is nicely composed throughout and contains in every chapter a wealth of neat summaries of the newest conclusions drawn by investigators in many fields of natural history, Lorus J. and Margery Milne's book "The World of Night" might be abandoned by the average reader at the end of the third, fourth, or fifth chapter. Let it be stated immediately that he should not do so, however disinterested in the world of night life he may be, for the chapters that follow not only gain momentum, but well out of the whimsical into the forthright. To the non-average reader who is specifically interested in the reactions of animals to their environment the first chapters provide some of the most useful generalities on a rather special subject.

To take the latter first, the authors give us a concept of both darkness and night that, although commonplace to astronomers and physicists, has seldom been assembled in simple terms before, and that is not sufficiently appreciated even by naturalists. In other words, the title of the book is not just a peg—and one of the few left—upon which to hang an

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assortment of satchels containing random researches and observations; rather, it is shown to be a very distinct facet of life on this planet, and one which warrants much closer cooperation between biologists on the one hand and astronomers and physicists on the other. For instance, there are many facts about twilight which, though perfectly obvious to everybody, are not understood by anybody *except* astronomers and physicists.

Returning to the less technical—or should we better say informative—aspects of the first few chapters, we feel constrained to observe that they sometimes very closely border that platitudinous and whimsical approach to wild life so common and, alas, popular just now, with tiny feet pattering hither and yon among the grass stems or between the accumulations of rocks and empty beer cans that litter our beaches. With Chapter Six, however, the authors drop the Rachel Carsonism, plunge into the earth via cave entrances, and really get down to some fascinating work.

TO A professional naturalist or even zoologist there is nothing "new" in the rest of the book, but by the word new is meant "that has not been published." Nevertheless, it is of absorbing interest on almost every page and, by using the central theme of the absence of light, the authors contrive to weave a welter of absorbing facts into a novel formula of natural history. There is still a certain timidity whenever the authors are recording their personal experiences, yet they continue to give a mass of predigested facts like a pocket magazine, but with a scientific regard for accuracy.

There are mistakes and some plain falsehoods in the book—picayune items such as that sauba ants don't bite, and that the Sargasso Sea is only 650 to 1,800 feet deep, which the authors will doubtless have spotted before the book gets to the retailers. But judging by the most erudite technical papers, there can hardly be any publication that does not lapse sometimes, and the wealth of carefully presented and fascinating data far outweighs any technical slips. The Milnes seem happiest when on a seashore, at sea or beneath it, and are obviously most ill at ease in what they call a tropical jungle. Actually, their only sally into such a habitat was to an artificial island in the Panama Canal, which is clothed in Tall, Tropical Deciduous Forest, not Equatorial Rain Forest. We wish they would go to the latter, without fear and with open minds, and record the only World of Night they have missed.

Woodman's World

***"The Singing Wilderness," by Sigurd F. Olson** (Alfred A. Knopf. 245 pp. $4), is a philosophical and poetical appreciation of the land northwest of Lake Superior by a man who has lived there all his life. Bruce Hutchinson, Canadian newsman and author of "The Frazer" in the Rivers of America Series, reviews it here.*

By Bruce Hutchison

SIGURD F. OLSON says that the title he has given his new book, "The Singing Wilderness," "has to do with the calling of the loons, northern lights, and the great silences of a land lying northwest of Lake Superior." It has to do with many other things, however, among them a great and modest soul tempered, refined, and freed by the wilderness. Mr. Olson (one is perhaps entitled to suspect from his name the hereditary instincts of a Viking ancestry) has set down, in the form of a splendid nature book, his personal credo, his philosophy of life, and his dream of America.

This is an old dream, to be sure, a credo first proclaimed at Jamestown and a philosophy running through countless books, especially the books of Thoreau. One is reminded inevitably of Thoreau in reading the testament of his confessed disciple, who has adventured much farther and more dangerously than the master at Walden. But Mr. Olson's argument—if one can call it an argument in such a charmingly simple and manly narrative—is that man's ancient and essential relationship with the wilderness and basic things has been broken in modern America and must be restored if America is to recover its sanity. Man, he says, must reforge "a link in his memory which was broken when men abandoned the life of the nomad and moved from the forest plains and mountains to the security of villages. Having bridged the gap, he discovers something he had lost, a sense of belonging to the earth and to his kind."

Mr. Olson has played his own distinguished part in this restoration of memory and sanity. He is, says his publisher, "quite possibly the most famous woodsman of our day." That is a high compliment but quite inadequate. As consultant to President Eisenhower's Quetico-Superior Committee, Mr. Olson is among those who have worked for the preservation of that virgin American-Canadian wilderness west of Lake Superior, the original route of Grand Portage between the St. Lawrence and the central plains—the path of La Vérendrye, Mackenzie, Frazer, and the others on their way to the Pacific. But Mr. Olson is the first writer of talent to capture the spirit of this region.

He captures it as Thoreau captured the much tamer New England landscape, by setting down without pretension or any attempt at fine writing the daily observations of a woodsman. The result is writing of the finest sort and certain glimpses of the woods that the master would commend. Any woodsman will find here the touch of authenticity, the knowledge of vegetable, animal, insect, and geology gained only by a lifetime in the outdoors and much study indoors. The sedentary reader will find not only a touch of vicarious adventure but the frequent flash of poetry.

A day with such a man in the woods must be an education. Even within the abbreviated compass of a book written rather like a casual yarn around the evening campfire, he manages to mix an extraordinary amount of information with a picture of the wilderness whole. For to him it is a whole thing, an organic body of which all life, from the lichen to the man, is interdependent, logical, and in timeless rhythm.

Mr. Olson is dedicated to the wilderness, but he is not a preacher. His intimations of immortality appear in oblique hints: in the winds of northern blizzards, the explosion of spring, the crackling summer trail, the autumnal foliage, and the song of birds; best of all in the click of paddle and the sound of chuckling water as he returns again and again, in his beloved craft, to the land of his heart's desire.

No normal man can read his plain tale of the woods, as viewed by a woodsman of imagination and deep feeling, without wishing to follow his canoe and listen to him by the campfire. The beauty of his book is completed by the superb black-and-white drawings of Francis Lee Jaques.

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General in the Atomic Age

"Soldier: Memoirs of Matthew B. Ridgway," as told to Harold H. Martin *(Harper. 371 pp. $5), recounts the former Army Chief of Staff's wartime experiences and presents his views of the current military situation. Gordon Harrison, military writer for* The Detroit News, *reviews it below.*

By Gordon Harrison

A FLURRY of headlines and political statements greeted *The Saturday Evening Post* condensation of Matthew B. Ridgway's memoirs. It is hard to say whether the mildness and brevity of that furor or the fact that it took place at all is the more discouraging. Since the recently retired Army Chief of Staff wrote nothing essential in the *Post* series that he had not said freely many times before with the full weight of his position and responsibility behind it, the implication of the headlines was that no one cared much what he thought about defense policies until the challenge was tricked out with some quotable attacks on persons—Secretary Wilson, in particular. The ruckus thus put General Ridgway's criticisms in the light of an Administration scandal rather than a serious national issue.

Now the book "Soldier: Memoirs of Matthew B. Ridgway," containing a much fuller, better balanced exposition of General Ridgway's ideas, may help a little to correct that false perspective. For one thing the book makes clear the breadth and urgency of his criticisms. He does not write as a disgruntled Army man protesting the technological downgrading of the doughboy in the atomic age. He is not getting off his chest the accumulated bitterness of professional frustrations. He writes as an experienced, informed man who is deeply disturbed over what he feels is the shaping of a military force to fit political objectives instead of national responsibilities.

The indictment is in two parts: one lies against the wisdom of the "more-bang-for-the-buck" theory of military budgeting; the other against the political evasions with which a streamlined defense has been engineered and sold. General Ridgway believes that the cuts in money and manpower which in the last three years have fallen most heavily on the Army have created an unbalanced force, so top-heavy in air-atomic power that at best it is capable only of threatening and perhaps fighting the climactic big war of annihilation. The reduced Army—weaker even in fact than on paper—cannot meet our existing commitments, he thinks, to keep the peace and defend the independence of our friends abroad. Increasing dependence on weapons of mass destruction bankrupts diplomacy, compelling us to rely on a threat of ultimate chaos instead of on selective and immediate retaliation by lesser forces on the spot. Finally, by brandishing the H-bomb as symbol of our might we frighten our allies, undermine our moral influence, and reassure the enemy that we will—and indeed must—seek peace at any cost short of surrender.

That is the substance of the first charge. The other—that the new military look was actually determined by political budgeting and has been merchandised with deliberately misleading slogans—is perhaps even more disturbing from the citizen's point of view. One cannot read the account of General Ridgway's relations with Secretary Wilson without lively consciousness of the power of bureaucracy shielded by security regulations and its own complexity. If the Pentagon is not dominated by party expediency, it might well be without visibly changing its course. One can see no effective safeguards against such domination.

—U. S. Army Photo.

Ridgway—". . . ought to be read."

General Ridgway's own experience is the best proof of the shell of immunity from public criticism that makes defense policies all but untouchable even if it does not keep Mr. Wilson personally out of hot water. Despite courage and frankness unprecedented in a chief of staff in recent years Ridgway has not been able to get a serious public hearing for his point of view. Right or wrong, it is a view crying out for full-scale debate. The debate has not taken place and isn't likely to. The Republicans prefer to leave it to Ike. The Democrats are not prepared to discuss the intricacies of military policy at the risk of offending millions whose faith in the President's omniscience is greater than their skepticism of human nature.

ONE would like to believe that this book will rouse at least some fresh public interest in what is, after all, literally a life-and-death question. Unfortunately, General Ridgway and his collaborator have contrived to minimize that possibility. The meat of his message comes only at the end of generally chatty reminiscences of war and peace. Typically, the memoirs begin with an impressionistic account of the airborne landings in Normandy, marred by elementary errors of fact and almost wholly lacking in historical interest. The only conceivable reason for such a beginning is to lure the busy reader with an early taste of excitement. The regrettable consequence is to set a frivolous tone for the whole. General Ridgway was one of the earliest and most influential theorists on the organization and use of airborne troops, but one would not guess it from his story. He was also one of our most successful battle commanders, at division, corps, and army level. Yet almost the only clue he gives to his performance is to stress the general's place in the thick of the action. This is interesting—and true of Ridgway—but it provides scant insight into the processes of command. Finally, he was one of the stoutest and ablest of our chiefs of staff, but how he got that way he does not divulge.

The book's shortcomings are noted not to disparage it but to warn serious readers not to be put off by what looks like a bid for readability at any cost. The more important fact is that it is readable and ought to be read. If the historian of war will find little to his purpose, the citizen can find much. Whatever the failures of General Ridgway as a memoirist he knows his business as a soldier. One can wish that he had told more but, after all, what he does tell remains eminently worth listening to.

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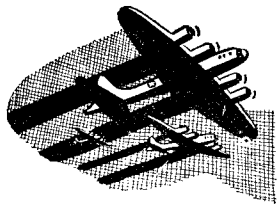
The War Out in the Pacific



"Zero!" by Mastake Okumiya and Jiro Horikoshi, with Martin Caidin *(E. P. Dutton. 424 pp. $5), is an account of the combat use of the famous fighter plane that is also a narrative history of the Pacific war as seen by the Japanese naval aviator. Our reviewer, James A. Field, Jr., was a member of the U. S. Navy group that in the autumn of 1945 interrogated Japanese officers, among them Commander Okumiya, concerning their war plans and operations.*

By James A. Field, Jr.

WHEN asked about the cost of keeping his yacht the elder Morgan is said to have replied that anyone to whom expense was a consideration should not think of taking up this pastime. Such in another context is the moral taught by Mastake Okumiya and Jiro Horikoshi, authors of "Zero!"—the truth, learned too late by the groups then governing Japan, that modern war is a luxury reserved for the very rich.

There was no unanimity among the Japanese in 1941 concerning the decision for war. The Army gang was for it, thinking that the Western Powers did not present a serious threat, while the Navy and the more cosmopolitan industrialists and politicians were in general opposed. Nevertheless, largely as a result of the efforts of the great Admiral Yamamoto, the Japanese were well prepared for war with the United States. The Navy was extraordinarily well designed for its task: it had more aircraft carriers than any other navy, its planes were in important respects superior to those of its opponents, and its first-line pilots were of extremely high quality. All this was demonstrated to an astonished world in the remarkable series of carrier strikes which demolished all opposition from Pearl Harbor to Ceylon and in the explosive expansion outward through the power vacuum of the western and southern Pacific.

But the Japanese Navy had necessarily been conceived as producer goods, not as consumption items. While it could win an empire, it could not support a war of attrition. Oil was critically short, the production base wholly inadequate, yet no one seems to have given serious thought to the political problem of converting victory into a permanent settlement. Admiral Yamamoto, who found himself forced to direct a war to which he was opposed, had correctly estimated the situation. "We can carry through for one year some way," he had observed, "but after that I do not know."

At Midway the Japanese lost four aircraft carriers. Their first-line pilot strength was expended in the Solomon Islands and in the defense of Rabaul. By the time of the American invasion of the Marianas the end was in sight: the United States had an adequate pilot training program and Japan did not; American warships had sophisticated systems for the exploitation of radar information, the Japanese did not. The Battle of the Philippine Sea cost them 450 aviators to our seventy-six, unseated the Tojo Government, and made the future evident to all who had eyes to see.

This is the subject matter of "Zero!" which begins with an account of the first combat use of the Zero fighter during the China incident, and leads on into a narrative history of the war in the Pacific from the viewpoint of a Japanese naval aviator. Understandably, this fighter-pilot orientation leads to emphasis of the early triumphant campaigns and of the Midway and Solomons operations where triumph turned into tragedy. Understandably likewise, the defense of Rabaul is stressed as opposed to the loss of the Gilberts and Marshalls, and the Battle of the Philippine Sea as opposed to Leyte Gulf. In general the book appears to be the work of Okumiya, a gifted naval officer whose wartime duties were limited, as a result of injuries sustained in an airplane accident, to non-flying staff assignments. His operational narrative is supplemented by material from Horikoshi, the designer of the Zero, on production problems and on the difficulties brought about by shortage of materials and by dispersion and destruction of the aircraft industry resulting from the B-29 raids.

There are no great revelations in this book, and little that is new except for identification of subordinate Japanese personnel and some interesting accounts of individual exploits and experiences. The narrative is generally accurate although detail and chronology are at times confusing. The tone is self-critical, the analysis is honest, and the story of those who fought on against ever-increasing odds knowing that victory could never be theirs is at times very moving.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHAKESPEARIAN SINGLETONS

It would be quite inaccurate to say that Shakespeare never repeated himself, but each of the following situations, types, or whatever can be found in only one of his plays. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to say which plays. Complete revelation on page 61.

1. A Prophetess.
2. A Play is enacted for the benefit of an intoxicated man.
3. A wrestling match.
4. A man divorces his wife.
5. America is mentioned.
6. Singing commercials.
7. A servant makes long speeches to his dog.
8. Fifteen scenes in one act.
9. A black baby.
10. Scenes in a brothel.
11. A gift of tennis balls.
12. An epilogue spoken by a dancer.
13. A Barmecide feast.
14. A nun.
15. A laundry basket.

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Industry at War

"Miracle of World War II," by Francis Walton *(Macmillan. 575 pp. $7.50), studies in detail the part played in that conflict by American industry. It is reviewed by William M. Freeman, who writes the advertising marketing news column in* The New York Times.

By William M. Freeman

WHO won the war? And how was it done? It is a commonplace to say that World War II was won by workers in the factories of America, but no one has ever set down in detail the actual story. This omission has been remedied by Francis Walton, for years associated with the aircraft industry and General Motors, in a monumental volume aptly titled "Miracle of World War II." He calls it "a success story of the American people in action," and it is apparent that he enjoyed what must have been an incredible total of man-hours sketching in the minutiae of the vast panorama of the prodigious effort that backed up the armed forces.

It was no easy task. When Pearl Harbor erupted upon the face of America in December 1941 the United States was ending one of its best years, with business highballing along at a record rate of $345 million a day and national income at $105 billion. Steel production was up nearly twenty million tons over the year before, and annual output of electric power had topped the record figure of 200 billion kilowatts. Exports, too, were over the "normal" year of 1936, and it meant little at the time that some of this volume was derived from the sale of scrap iron and steel to Japan.

Mr. Walton notes these facts and adds grimly that while the statistics were cheerful the outlook was not. The country lacked a war-production machine ready to take on short orders. And, making things worse, the economic upheaval of the Thirties, from which the country seemed at last to be emerging, had shifted business headquarters to Washington. That meant that every decision had to go to the banks of the Potomac.

The Government was into business, every kind of business. Officialdom and bureaucracy and alphabet agencies swamped everything in a sea of red tape. Mr. Walton comments that Federal authorities had taken over many functions of private enterprise and calls this "the real significance of the political revolution."

It is a bitter story in some respects, a sad one and above all—although it is a success story, too—one with a warning for the future. There is a moral in the recounting of the misuse of abilities, the endless succession of new bureaus, the niggardly distribution of authority, the conflicts, and the delays. The managers of American industry had no liking for their task, even though it was essential.

Yet, despite all the handicaps the great task was accomplished. The tools of war were fed in staggering volume to the fronts all over the world. And canny management, with an eye to the future, set aside budget funds for "cost of reconversion" and in 1943 alone spent $2,130,000,000 for advertising to tell of the goods they were unable to make but would have "some time later."

INALIENABLE YANK: When Sergeant James C. Gallegher was convicted recently of maltreatment of his fellow prisoners and collaboration with the enemy while in a North Korean prison camp the principal witness against him was Sergeant Lloyd W. Pate. His testimony, besides assuring Gallegher's conviction, revealed the fact that Pate had led a resistance group of American prisoners who not only refused to be brainwashed, but who actively fought and confused their captors and kept many other Americans from going "progressive." For these acts Pate and his men earned the label that now appears in the title of the Sergeant's book, **"Reactionary!"** (Harper, $2.50). With the assistance of B. J. Cutler, a *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent, Pate gives a brief sketch of his tough and precocious childhood (at thirteen he was a bartender in a Florida sporting house), tells how he faked his age to get into the Army (he celebrated his seventeenth birthday as a prisoner near the Yalu River), and finally gives the brutal story of how he was captured and how he and others like him resisted torture, malnutrition, and the stool-pigeon activities of some American prisoners. Like others who have gone through the Communist brain-laundry, he speculates on what it is in a man's background that determines how he will act under this treatment. He says that better knowledge by Americans of their own history, geography, and politics would help; but his observations on his own background and character and on those of his fellow prisoners are much more revealing. It seemed to be the overprotected boys who were most likely to weaken.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

—Associated Press Photo.

Lloyd W. Pate—"refused brainwash[ing]."

GUERRILLA GENIUS: The first successful Allied action against the Japanese in East Asia during World War II was a "long-range penetration" by three thousand troops, some on foot and some in gliders, behind the Japanese lines in Burma. The man who conceived, mounted, and commanded this operation was Major General Orde Charles Wingate. Leonard Mosley has written a fascinating biography of this tortured genius of guerilla warfare, **"Gideon Goes to War"** (Scribners, $3.50), which shows how compatible ambition and fundamentalist religious views can sometimes be.

Wingate's Bible-dominated childhood apparently engendered in him the conviction that he must be a militant prophet in the Old Testament manner. As he grew up and entered the Regular Army as an artillery officer this sense of mission led him to be contemptuous of orthodox military men ("military apes" he called them) and earned him many enemies. It also led him, when he was assigned to the Sudan Defense Force, to take up Zionism and to help the nearby Palestine Jews in their fight against the Arabs in the early 1930s. In these bitter and often unofficial skirmishes with the Arabs Wingate developed his theories of guerrilla tactics, his physical endurance, and his almost messianic powers of leadership. How he went on to retake Ethiopia from the Italians in 1941, how he interested Churchill in his plans for the Burma campaign, and how he fought his personal battle with antagonistic superiors and his own suicidal despair—these stories give Mr. Mosley's tightly-written book a depth and color that are uncommon in the biographies of military heroes.

—T. E. C.

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Time for Hope

WITH the exception of the early years of the Civil War and the decade following the Second World War the American people have never doubted that America was destined to be one of the world's leading nations and that we could live in a state of mild euphoria, no matter what cataclysms might temporarily overwhelm the European scene. The conception that with our wealth and our armed forces we could redress the balance of power whenever it might be necessary gave the traveling American a bombastic assurance which has always amused foreigners. When the war ended we were immediately faced with problems which we had never before conceived of. Nevertheless, we are a mercurial people; we have never met a time of danger with the calm stoicism of the British or the stolidity of the Russians. But neither could we imagine that we would ever be faced with insoluble problems and dangers.

Our literature and our press, which operate on the theory that good news does not sell newspapers, have darkened the American scene. Our postwar novelists have presented spectacle after spectacle of depravity and fear. "Hell-bent for destruction," Van Wyck Brooks writes, "their younger people are generally corrupt, often depraved, alcoholics, homosexuals, morons, and incestuous children."

It is only necessary to look at the best-seller lists today to prove that this miserable view of *homo americanus* has almost disappeared, though readers still enjoy the pleasures of being startled and shocked. The innate soundness of the American public has of late been proved by its ability to have faith in itself and in the future. It is the apparent rapidity with which it can change its mood and its beliefs that is most astonishing. The so-called intellectuals, whose stock-in-trade seemed at one time to be despair and condemnation of the mental equipment of their presumably intelligent countrymen, seem to have decided that, like Francis Bacon, who had cited at great length the reasons there were for hopelessness, proceeded to say, "I am now therefore speaking of [and for] hope."

IT NOW appears that we are not hopeless or helpless, and our writers are no longer determined to sell human nature short but are returning to what William Faulkner called "the old truths." Fortunately, we are a temperamental people, as indeed we have good reason to be, and we can change from fear to a mild euphoria in short order. The reasons for the fear which has been our obsession for the last decade are so obvious they are hardly worth repeating. The discovery of the terrifying power of the atomic bomb gave point to the catastrophic title of a *Saturday Review* editorial, "Modern Man Is Obsolete."

We were next confronted with the nightmare of the steadily increasing power and might of Russian politics and technology. Then, with the Korean conflict, the first war in our history which we did not win. In the midst of these shocks we were faced with native traitors and foreign spies, afflicted with hysterical witch-hunts and illegal investigations. But TV put an end in June 1954 to the hysteria named McCarthyism.

If anyone wants today a sound basis for relief and the return of sanity of our people he can find chapter and verse for it in a somewhat unexpected place, the Winter Edition of *The American Scholar*. Hiram Haydn, its editor, believes that "we have entered a time of tentative and uncertain gropings toward a stabilized order of world peace," which—though he does not say so—must be partly based on the fact that another world war is unthinkable. "It seems an appropriate time," Mr. Haydn writes, "to take stock, to ask where we are, how we got here, and where we may be going. To this end *The American Scholar* devotes the entire winter issue to an examination of the human situation today, and he has invited to participate a formidable array of intellectuals, a theologian, an educator and literary man, a biologist, a psychologist and historian of ideas, an ecologist, and a political commentator of civilization. It is the habit of scholars to advance timidly into the future, leaving an escape-hatch wide open, but nearly all these distinguished gentlemen betray more than a usual amount of confidence in our survival."

"We seem to be emerging from the last twelve months," writes Reinhold Niebuhr, "from an hysterical mood which had all the symptoms of a collective psychosis. If the hopes of previous decades had been proven dupes, our fears now seemed to be liars. . . . Our best chance for survival lies not in our courage or our resolution so much as in our modesty and patience." Max Lerner says that America's situation is also the world's: "If man is doomed for tomorrow, he shows a strange up-welling of energy and bounce." Eric Fromm carries out the same theme. "Man will have to be adventuresome, courageous, imaginative, capable of suffering and joy, but his powers will be in the service of life, and not in the service of death." These are qualities which are presumed to be the attributes of his countrymen. Harvard professor of psychology B. F. Skinner adds to this, "If Western democracy does not lose sight of the aims of

(*Continued on page* 64)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE DAUGHTER SPEAKS

WE READ WITH INTEREST Bruce Bliven's review of Norbert Wiener's book "I Am a Mathematician" [*SR* Mar. 3]. As his daughter and son-in-law, we would like to correct a few misapprehensions in the Author Box. In the first place, it is not exactly right to compare Dad with Dr. von Neumann. Dr. von Neumann (for whom my father has the greatest admiration) has worked primarily in physics and has occupied himself with finding a great deal more in apparently simple things than anyone thought possible. Father, on the other hand, is a mathematician who takes complicated phenomena and makes them understandable.

In the second place, it is not correct to say that he is not available to "bright young men" who wish to talk with him. On the contrary, he is always eager to see them and to discuss their problems. He is, however, inclined to become impatient with reporters who ask too many foolish questions.

MARGARET AND JOHN BLAKE.

Morris Plains, N. J.

DOWN TO THE LAYMAN

I HAVE WORKED for Mr. Wiener as a secretary for several summers and have found him extremely understanding and ready to explain to me whatever might not be clear. I think that he has the faculty of bringing rather technical topics down to a level easily understood by the layman.

JANET M. CORLISS.

Winter Park, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Lear replies: "My original text, which was cut to fit space limitations, said that 'no comparison' between Norbert Wiener and John von Neumann 'can be entirely fair. Yet comparison is inevitable' because 'both men are expert on scientific theories about transmission of information . . . Both are deeply rooted in the new mathematical tradition in which chance and the rules that govern it have come to fix odds on the once seemingly immutable, utterly dependable props of our civilization.' In an earlier passage, also cut, I cited 'common understanding [of cybernetics, as] an enormous tribute to Wiener's influence.' Wiener's ability to clarify scientific complexities is not open to question. The question is his willingness to do it. The impatience of scientists with 'reporters who ask too many foolish questions' is the biggest reason why scientists and their attitudes toward society are so widely misunderstood today by the whole people."*

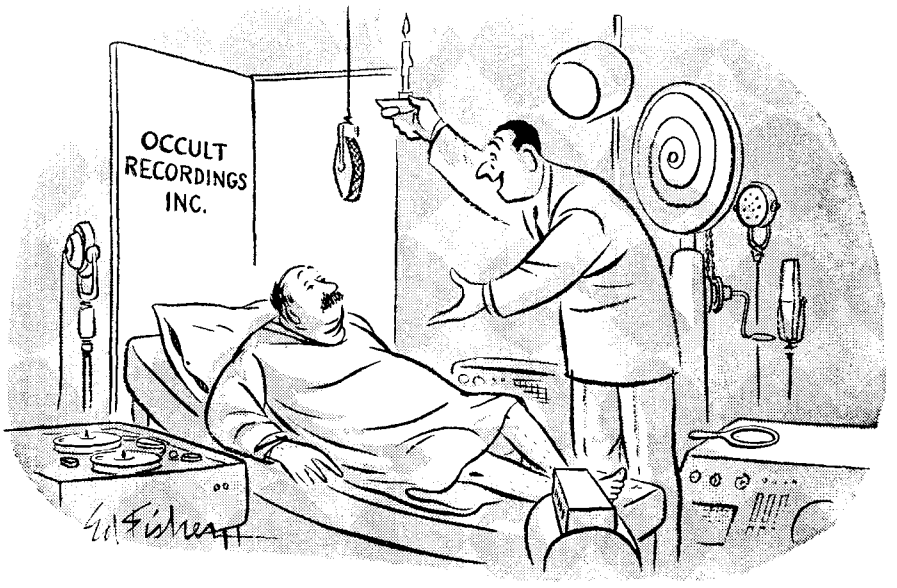
THE UNIVERSAL &

NOWHERE IN THE REPORT of your research into the genesis of punctuation ["The Inventor of the Period," by K. Jason Sitewell, *SR* Mar. 24] have you made even passing mention of the inventor of the most universally used abbreviative device in all typography! I refer to the product of a maternal ancestor, one Amper Sand, a Cypriot patriot who, by manipulation of the pre-Gregorian treble clef, came up with a hieroglyph that has withstood the ravages of time in supplanting the useless naso-labial grunt "and" in the designation of firm names.

A more recent ancestor of mine (a pre-Victorian Bitwell) attempted weakly to use this device, with the addition of the Saracen crescent (lower case), to make "etc." But &c. has not fared well under the attacks of anti-Saracen influences that persist even to this day.

SASCHA VERRYL BITWELL.

Bronx, N. Y.



"Congratulations! You're Bridey Murphy's husband!"

BLUSHING COVERS

WHEN I WROTE my peppery, but naturally tongue-in-cheek, letter about cover colors I did not realize how silly it would look in print. Am still blushing. Of course, what I had in mind was that you should *vary* your colors enough so that at one time or another all decorative schemes would be served. Apologies.

HELEN C. NORTON.

Garden City, N. Y.

HOPE FOR KOREA

MAY I BE PERMITTED to express publicly my appreciation for your review of my book "Korea Tomorrow" [*SR* Mar. 10], written by Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette. Some remarks by Professor Latourette, however, need clarification, otherwise the true intent of my book would be misrepresented. First, he took issue with the title, stating that the book more nearly describes the Korea of yesterday and today. One must have some knowledge of the past and the present in order to make an intelligible plan for Tomorrow. My book in essence is a "hope" for Tomorrow. Referring to a brief statement on page 4 of the Introduction, which the Professor says is untrue, and which reads: "Korea, until it was annexed by the Japanese had retained its independence," allow me to reiterate that at no time was the entire Korean peninsula occupied by a foreign power until it was annexed by Japan. Under the heading "History of the Old Kingdoms" I made note of the Mongol (Chinese) invasions which Dr. Latourette claims I failed to mention. On page 58 I stated that Catholicism entered Korea by way of China in the seventeenth century. Dr. Latourette denied this, stating that Catholic influence was brought from China in the eighteenth century. In the second clause of the same compound sentence I stated that "the missions did not begin in earnest until 1832." It is true that the Catholic doctrine was introduced in Korea through China in the seventeenth century. The field of Korean history in this matter was checked with care. In this review Dr. Latourette made no mention of the economic aspect which makes clear the disastrous effect of the division of the agricultural South from the industrial North. Korea's northern and southern resources must be integrated to maintain economic stability. In closing, I regret that Dr. Latourette can venture only one prophecy for Korea, that of its continuing role as "a bone of contention" between the great powers. The Korean people cannot accept that view. Surely, the hopes, the prayers, and the earnest endeavors of thinking men throughout the world shall not be in vain.

KYUNG CHO CHUNG.

San Francisco, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Mr. Hyman

FROM deep in the dark swamp of collaboration between novelist Joyce Cary, playwright Norman Rosten, director Robert Lewis, and actor Earle Hyman have come flashes of one of the great universal characters to be delineated on the modern stage. At a superficial level **"Mister Johnson"** may seem simply a flighty Nigerian clerk. But it soon becomes evident that he is really a man lost between two cultures—too civilized to live like a native, and not civilized enough to live by a more disciplined code. But such is Mr. Hyman's performance, clearly the best of the season, that Mister Johnson becomes a man found in any color and in any society, a man who is the victim of his enthusiasms and creative imagination.

Mr. Hyman's sun-etched portrait begins in a merry mood when his tall angular figure, grotesquely decked with pith helmet, bumbershoot, and patent-leather dancing pumps hung around his neck as symbols of culture, impulsively explodes into a state of romantic love with Bamu, a half-naked but absolutely unromantic bush girl. We smile at him in financial straits because of "small-small" embezzlements. We laugh outright to see the primitive natives gull him out of money, clothes, and accessories; poor Johnson has neither their intuitive guile nor the astuteness which power and a regulation-book give stupid officials. And then suddenly we are moved to tears as he invents a dream that his king in England "far away" has confidence in him. This ridiculous notion is conjured up to dramatize his refusal to accept a bribe. However, when a little later a romance with higher priority causes him to take a bribe after all he is equally eloquent in his dramatization of the "courageous" bit of thievery.

But the romance that really captures his imagination and energy is his superior's project to build a road from the village to the main highway. When the road is threatened by lack of appropriations John encourages Judge Rudbeck to juggle the books a bit, and when the road has been completed Rudbeck discovers that Mister Johnson's zeal has carried him too far across the line of illegality. Johnson is fired. Unable to adjust to the reversal of fortune, he goes berserk and robs a store. Earle Hyman's "Turn your backs, you stars," as he sets about his ill-fated act, lifts the character into tragic perspective. He is similarly moving as we watch him tremble when Rudbeck, the one man in the world for whom he feels the closest affinity, comes to execute him.

On the strength of Mr. Hyman's wondrous performance, which comes as no surprise to those who saw the twenty-seven-year-old actor in "Othello" or "Cry the Beloved Country," the story occasionally threatens to become a masterpiece. Unfortunately, as so often happens when a novel is condensed into a play, the drama is to a large degree unrealized and overcrowded. The important role of Rudbeck is underwritten, and as played with quasi-British offhandedness by William Sylvester emerges spineless and unconvincing. Playwright Rosten has gone to considerable work in order to show the differences in attitude toward marriage between Mr. and Mrs. Rudbeck and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, but he spoils the amusing scene between the two wives by a third-act sequence in which Bamu sentimentalizes her feelings for her husband. Josephine Premice brings her own delightful sauciness to the part of Bamu, making her more cunning than the character in the novel. Mrs. Rudbeck is played by Gaby Rodgers as a lampoon of the African tourist, complete with white silk parasol, turquoise gloves, and shoes so high-heeled that she seems to be tiptoeing on eggs. While there isn't time really to establish their relationships with Mister Johnson, the lesser characters are well drawn. Memorable is Thayer David's old coaster, who can be more savage than the Africans because he feels his "British education and guts" give him a superiority he is obliged to demonstrate.

Director Robert Lewis does wonders with comic punctuation in scenes like the one in which Bamu's relatives dupe Mister Johnson, and he edits Mr. Hyman's ebullience beautifully. He also injects a strange tone of chic ostentation into much of the play, giving it an exoticism and sophisticated detachment more appropriate in brittle comedy than a warm human document. William and Jean Eckart's cleverly working bamboo sets catch the flavor of colonial Africa without becoming too arty or too literal. Pearl Primus, who supervised the dancing, refrains from stopping the show for the choreography.

It would be nice to say that so much intelligent work has resulted in a powerful play, but "Mister Johnson" emerges as hardly anything more than a nominal and episodic representation of the book. It is long on plot and short on attitude. In a novel that attitude can be supplied in the non-dialogue portions of the text. In a play we miss the novelist's running comment.

* * *

By strange coincidence "Mister Johnson" arrived on Broadway within a week of a musical show titled **"Mr. Wonderful."** Written by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, it begins by postulating a happy-go-lucky nightclub entertainer who prefers working steadily in a small Union City bandbox to the pressure of big-time nightclub stardom. In this vein, there is one marvelous number in which Jack Carter and Sammy Davis, Jr. satirize the practice of milking applause from an audience. However, the show injures its integrity by working up to a success-story finale, when Mr. Davis does his complete repertoire. This talented entertainer, who is Harlem's answer to Norman Wisdom, can sing, dance, play the drums, and do impersonations *almost* as well as a dozen models. But in being "Mr. Everything" he seems less wonderful than a lot of performers who are content with being "Mr. Me."

—HENRY HEWES.

Destruction of Asshur

By Doris Dana

ON THE fifteenth day God walked with God,
and my lord, the King, did not know.
The love-star rode high on the moon
and for that, for the sound
of the fruitful earth,
my lord, the King, did not know,
did not hear God as he talked with God,
the Blackbird screaming death upon Asshur.

Last night the earthquake smote Tebet,
and the palace of the Prince was thrown
from a groaning earth.

Gold of it fell on the moon.

Ruin took the hand of my lord, the King,
and led him over desolate land.
Ten years under a sky of tears
he will sit in the kingdom of his foe.

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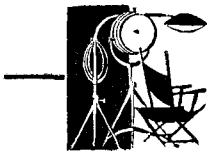

Our Grace and Their Adolf

THINGS seem to be working out just fine. Grace Kelly's new movie, **"The Swan,"** has been finished up by M-G-M in time for her real-life wedding and, by a coincidence that is too extraordinary to be anything but a coincidence, she plays a princess who marries a prince. Probably never before have the publicity boys had an easier time of it getting word around about a new picture. The entire press of the world is concentrating its reportorial guns on the little principality of Monaco this week; every dispatch sent out will be a free plug for the movie. For those souls who automatically harden themselves against the grinding of the publicity mills it probably ought to be stated at once that "The Swan" is a pleasant, well-made motion picture and that it has touches of elegant comedy of the kind Hollywood seldom deals with lately.

It might be interesting to note that Audrey Hepburn had to go through a turmoil in "Roman Holiday" somewhat similar to the kind Miss Kelly endures in "The Swan," and in each case the princess in the story decided against love and in favor of duty. Each movie goes in for some fluffy, enjoyable whimsy, but while "Roman Holiday" had moments of high hilarity, the tone throughout "The Swan" is quieter and somewhat subdued. The latter has been adapted by John Dighton from Ferenc Molnar's sturdily lightweight play, and Mr. Dighton has revamped and brightened it a good deal.

But fairytale, fable, or whatever, the story has some good basic stuff, and the characters are just meaty enough to allow for some polished performing by a first-rate cast. Charles Vidor, who directed, has put a fine sheen on the proceedings, and if events move a little slowly at times there are always the actors to relish. These include Alec Guinness as the sleepy, bored prince, Brian Aherne as, of all things, a sophisticated monk, and Jessie Royce Landis, Agnes Moorehead, and Estelle Winwood as ladies of royal Middle-European lineage.

Miss Winwood plays the fluttery great-aunt of Alexandra, the princess, and handles her lines with such precision that, given a little more scope, she might have made "The Swan" a sort of personal triumph. But that doesn't happen, and one reason is that our Grace is now a thoroughgoing professional in her own right. She is delicate, lovely-looking, and speaks well; more important, she convinces you that she is a young, rather inexperienced princess who finally allows her chaste hand to be taken by the rather bored hand of Mr. Guinness.

* * *

The well-known German director, G. W. Pabst, has made a movie based on those famous last days of Hitler in the underground bunker. It is called **"The Last Ten Days,"** and much of it focuses on the ravings and frothing-at-the-mouth of the late Adolf. Pabst's view is that Hitler was capable of several infamies even in his final hours, but the climactic one—the flooding of the Berlin subways, where several thousand wounded, women, and children were gathered—somehow comes off as anticlimactic, perhaps because it is built up with too heavy a hand. This is nevertheless a stark, interestingly photographed film, without too much embellishment of what is assumed to have actually happened. Hitler and his general staff are given no sympathy whatever, but a German major plays a part in the story and obviously represents the real Germany that was there all along, although sadly repressed and misguided. "Never say 'sir' to anyone again," is the last piece of advice the major has to offer, before expiring. Or "heil," he might have added, too.

* * *

That fine English director Carol Reed has made a movie called **"A Kid for Two Farthings"** and is pretty far off from what one usually expects from Mr. Reed, an expert in suspense. It is a warm, mellow, sentimental story he has to tell about a boy who works some very minor miracles in the lives of the people around him. David Kossoff has the richest of roles and is most sympathetic, and if you're anxious to see what Britain's answer to Marilyn Monroe, Diana Dors, looks like, here she is. The setting is poorer-class London.

* * *

"Touch and Go," is a British comedy starring Jack Hawkins as a family man who decides to cart his family off to Australia. He doesn't quite make it and the movie tells why. All rather innocuous, and a touch too familiar and predictable to get very much involved in the family's problems.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Getting There—and Back

TRANSITION is a vital word in live television drama. Transition is the art of getting from one scene to another. In film TV this presents no problem. Each scene is individually "shot," and an actor may be hurtling over a cliff at one second and the next he will be sipping tea in a drawing-room—the film editor or cutter having gotten him there in a splice. Not so in live TV. The different sets required for a story are arranged at some distances from each other on the studio floor; and often as many as ten to fifteen seconds may pass between the time an actor leaves one set and arrives "on his marks" on another. Seasoned television writers are aware of this technical fact and take care to arrange their scene endings and beginnings accordingly. Either an actor finishing one scene is not required to enter another scene immediately, or, if he is, the director is afforded an opportunity to keep his camera on another actor, who is in motion or speaking, while the transitory player is dodging cables and finding his way to the new set. Actors thus in passage have been known to get lost, with resulting frenetic moments in control room and on stage.

The easiest way to recognize a "stall" transition is to watch for a tight close-up of a character at the beginning of a scene. If a shadow nibbles at the corners of the image, attended or not as the case may be by the sound of scraping chair or heavy footstep, then you may be sure the calm actor who appears by his side as the camera pulls back to a wider angle has just accomplished the dangerous crossing in a probably headlong flight. On a recent Goodyear TV Playhouse Sunday night an important transition was effected by an unusual method. The script read as follows:

JOEY

(*To the Blonde*) My mother—
(*He stops*) Nothing. Let's go.
(*We fade out on them as they leave the kitchen.*)
(*Up on the park. Cut to them sitting on a bench, throwing crusts to the birds.*)

This is the kind of cavalier author's instruction that deranges volatile directors. Such a transition is obviously impossible. The director (Robert Mulligan) and scenic designer (Richard Senie) solved the problem with the aid of semi-starved pigeons. Their wings gently taped, feathers harmlessly clipped, and their diets restricted prior to the air show, the pigeons hugged the bread-crumbed area near the park bench and provided pretty atmospherics for the camera to look at while Joey and the Blonde made their cross from kitchen to park. The method was rather daring because no one could guarantee that a hungry pigeon wouldn't elect to take an NBC forty-cent tour onto the adjacent set (a cafe) rather than go for the crumbs in the park. Fortunately, Goodyear's faith in pigeons paid off. The canny creatures put first things first—they ate and let the glamour go.

The play the pigeons appeared in was a pleasant surprise. Billed simply as "Joey," by Louis Peterson, in the week-end TV schedule, the drama promised no special delivery, as did some other highly-touted programs that day. But TV becomes more like politics and prizefights with each new season—audiences depend for their "kicks" on the rare "sleeper." "Joey" was a sleeper, a program that shattered this viewer's quiet fury at TV after a long day's futile hunt for something rewarding to watch. The shatterer was a splendid example of the type of dramatic writing which television has produced as uniquely its own—the little man who is inarticulate-but-suffers-much-and-is-universal type. It would be difficult to write a character more inarticulate than Joey, the title role. A shy, twenty-year-old lower-middle-class youth, withdrawn, "dumb," inadequate, Joey is almost a curse on his parents, a shame to the neighbors. He washes dishes in a restaurant, feeds pigeons, has no social life, cannot be trusted with alarm clocks, and is firmly compelled by his mother to safety-pin his weekly salary in his breast pocket to assure its arrival home.

This Joey meets a warm, brassy nightclub "stripper" who is forced to take a temporary job as his "assistant dishwasher," when the police threaten her with jail if she is caught practising her art again. His anxieties, her anger produce a wall of silence between them which eventually melts under the impact of their essential kindliness. The blonde discovers that Joey can sing and takes him to the pianist at her nightclub, who confirms her discovery. Then she takes Joey to his home, and after a failure

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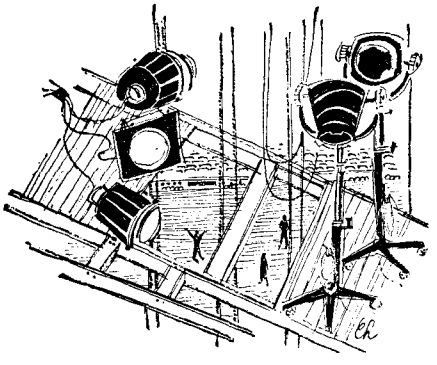
of his courage and new support from the blonde Joey tells his family that he is going to learn to sing professionally and emerges an individual with the silver cord shredded. The theme is Cinderella with the sexes reversed. The fairy godmother as a stripper is a piquant variation. The theme is also pleasant reassurance: every man has his acre of diamonds (Joey's is his singing) and love will reveal it and make it shine.

Good, popular fare, "Joey" reflected simply and appealingly the general introverted area of interest worked by the most successful school of television writing. The playwrights of this school seek their insights away from the topical, the outer-directed pattern of people and events. Their characters seem shut out from creative social relationships; they are self-absorbed. They exist not in a world of ideas, but in a universe of pressure-cooker emotion. They speak the language of feeling exclusively. Their chief preoccupation is neither love, money, nor success: it is psychological status, adequacy, certainty, security of the soul. Had "Joey" rested its case on this now familiar pattern it would have been merely satisfying. The talents of Anthony Perkins (Joey) and Kim Stanley (the Blonde) made it a program on a special peak. For they took this script with its long silences, its gropings, its unverbalized conflicts, and played upon it like a sonata. With a very slight mistake in emphasis and taste Joey could easily have been a Dead Ender and the Blonde become cheap. To the credit of these two artists, they escaped the pitfalls and made their people understandable, winning identities.

Some time ago in this space I commented on Method actors, pro and con. Miss Stanley and Mr. Perkins are Method disciples. They scored heavily for their discipline in "Joey." One would be tempted to nominate them now for 1956 TV performance awards—if TV awards had any standing whatsoever. Better to say that their portrayals of Joey and the Blonde are worthy of long remembrance.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.



MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bjoerling in Opera, City Center, Lipton

FOR those who value fine vocal art this is a winter in which the appearances of Jussi Bjoerling have been too few, and decidedly too far apart. It began promisingly, with a Carnegie Hall recital in September followed by an appearance with Renata Tebaldi at a Symphony of the Air concert. But little has been heard of him at the Metropolitan Opera, which made his recent appearance for a Saturday broadcast of "Manon Lescaut" with Licia Albanese all the more notable.

November 24, 1958, is a date in the fairly near future, but when it rolls around Bjoerling will have been singing at the Metropolitan for twenty years. To judge from the freshness and warmth, the solidity and ring of the sound he is currently producing, this should be but a way point on a singing career paralleled by few tenors of our time. With all respect for those who have done the lion's share of the roaring at the Metropolitan this season, Bjoerling brings something individual, refined, and cherishable into the operatic jungle, which—to say the least—more should have the opportunity to enjoy.

With so staunch a partner as Licia Albanese to give her own skilful version of the heroine and Dimitri Mitropoulos providing responsive leadership, this was the best account of Puccini's earliest masterpiece to be heard this season. Luster and ring are no longer the characteristics of the Albanese voice, but she manipulates it with more finesse than ever and, in such a role as this, with a kind of characterization that puts no barriers between the composer's creation and the audience. Chalk up another strong non-comic characterization for Fernando Corena as Geronte, a capable Lescaut by Frank Guarara, and excellent efforts in smaller parts by Rosalind Elias, Thomas Hayward, and Alessio di Paolis. Here was an occasion to which the management could point—if it was vulgarly disposed—with pride.

* * *

Also of operatic note was the resumption of activity at the City Center, a curtailed spring season that will bring to an end the period under the direction of Joseph Rosenstock. It began with Sir William Walton's "Troilus and Cressida," a suitable gesture since its production was one of the soundest of Rosenstock's accomplishments. Much the same cast as last fall's introductory one (Phyllis Curtin, Jon Crain, and Norman Kelly) participated.

As a performance this was rather more settled, better projected than the generally good ones of last fall. Miss Curtin lacks dramatic impact (vocally) for the best effect in the music, but she looks well and sings appealingly. Jon Crain as Troilus is often tried by the tessitura of the part, but "carries on" in manful English style. Norman Kelly does very well with the oddly written, often overwritten, part of Pandarus. Lawrence Winters, Norman Treigle, and Frances Bible are commendable in smaller roles.

At best, however, the whole enterprise has the air of limitations confounding limitations; the work is not of the inherent power and musical distinction to create an effect despite the shortcomings of performance (as, for example, the Center's "Wozzeck"), while the performance is not good enough to minimize the shortcomings in the score. These, as previously described, have to do mostly with insufficient melodic blood to make the dramatic body glow, a lack of fulfilment in Walton's reaction to the most powerful scenes. Much of it is worked out with a high degree of craftsmanship, but it is a piecemeal rather than consecutive experience.

* * *

For its second night (a rainy pre-Good Friday Thursday) the theatre was but half full for a "Rigoletto" in which Aldo Protti, an Italian baritone of some repute, made his debut. He deserved better than the limited attendance, for he has a meaty voice, if not one of imposing richness or distinguished timbre. It rolls forth easily, however, with the Italian gift for making word and tone equal parts of a single sound. His is a dramatically well-composed (on conventional lines) Rigoletto, suitably deformed. Doubtless the Center can use a leading baritone of his strong professional capacities, but whether he fancies such a career in New York is another matter.

Eva Likova, who sang Gilda with a pretty, well-focused sound, was the ablest of his associates. Walter

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Frederick's jocular Duke was no laughing matter.

* * *

For his Easter offering Guido Cantelli provided a miscellany of orchestral and choral music that ranged from Wagner ("Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"), Verdi ("Te Deum"), and Brahms ("Alto Rhapsody") to the Monteverdi "Magnificat" in the edition by Giorgio F. Ghedini for contemporary orchestra. The strongest musical impression was left by Martha Lipton's singing in the Brahms. Prevailingly it lies in a rich part of her voice, and the dark, strong sound aptly complemented Brahms's setting of the Goethe text. Intelligence and artistry were also evident in Miss Lipton's projection of the moody music, if not as much depth of emotion as it can contain or the full shading of the subtle voice part. Taken together, however, it was the best thing she has done in her New York career, whether at the Metropolitan or in concert.

So far as shading and richness are concerned it may have been, in part, a reflection of the Cantelli influence. He hears this music in a leaner, less purple way than conductors of strong Germanic bent, producing what on the whole is a more "cheerful" experience, though not—in this opinion—approching the full Brahmsian measure of expression. The male voices of the Westminster Choir, for example, were a kind of aural backdrop, rather than an integrated part of the whole. A more experienced conductor would have brought the male voices in the mixed choir further forward for this part of the program, rather than attempting the impossible feat of balancing a solo voice at the front of the stage with an orchestra behind it and a complement of male singers strung out atop the "bleachers" at stage rear (fifty or more feet away).

It is hardly appropriate for an outsider to sit in judgment on the editorial work of one well-informed Italian musician (Ghedini) on the creation of a much greater compatriot (Monteverdi) interpreted by a third. But it is hard to escape the conclusion that the intentions of the editor—assuming they were sound—were not too successfully represented in this performance. It did not seem to me that the basic musical ideas were well suited to the expansion imposed on them or, if they were, that Cantelli presented an effective argument on their behalf. Weight can never take the place of definition in choral music, and a conductor who puts his faith in mass concealing a lack of clarity will always come off second best. —IRVING KOLODIN.

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

The Esthetic Value of Danger

By FAUBION BOWERS

THE plethora of dance in Indonesia can be overwhelming for the outsider, and since he has to limit his dance tour of the islands, one fairly satisfactory way to do so is to concentrate on finding dances of the Penchak or Silat variety. These are fighting dances and can be regarded either as sport—every young man of sound body studies them—or as dance in one of its purest forms, that of varied movements executed rhythmically and gracefully to the accompaniment of music.

For all practical purposes Penchak and Silat are two words for the same thing. The perfectionist, however, separates them, with Silat tending more to the physical culture side and Penchak more to the art side. Both words are current all over Indonesia, and you will have no trouble making yourself understood that you want to see dances of stylized combat by using either word. Penchak actually is a Javanese word which means "evasion" or "warding off," and Silat is a word that conveys the idea of "quickness of action." Both mean in Western terms the art of self-defense plus the element of dance, and by their derivations you can infer the somewhat negative aspect of effectiveness against aggression from a presumably superior power. There is a parallel between Penchak and Japanese Judo (literally, the way of weakness) or Jujitsu (literally, the skill of weakness), although artistically they have no demonstrable connection.

Fighting as a general concept in Asia is the conversion of failure into success, of a disadvantage into a gain, and subterfuge and stratagem have fullest play. This differs somehow from the idea of physical culture in the West which, it seems, is designed to make you stronger than your opponent and to enable you to overpower him through main strength. In Asia, the emphasis is on deftness, intuition, and anticipation. When the dance element appears, it removes the force of an actual combat and elevates the spectacle into a valid art form.

There is a popular theory in Indonesia that Penchak is "continental" and originated in China. There are of course resemblances between the slow-motion shadow boxing of China and Penchak or Silat. But wherever the origin, Indonesia has so thoroughly incorporated and adapted it that it is primarily of Indonesia one thinks when the dance-art of fighting is discussed. In every city you will find clubs and societies assiduously cultivating their local form of Penchak. In one town of Sumatra there are two: the Revolutionary Young Man's Art and Charity Society and the Victorious Religion and Rhythm Club. In addition, there is the IPSI (Ikatan Penchak Silat Indonesia) organized in 1947, which is an inter-island society for the sole purpose of perpetuating this art.

Almost everyone does Penchak. One example out of many proving this happened when I got off the boat at a tiny port town in Sumatra on my first visit there. An aged coolie picked up my bags, asked inquisitively why I had come there. I answered half in truth "to see Penchak." He immediately dropped my bags, his eyes started to glow with special Penchak intensity, and did a few dance steps for me. Then he smiled and waved his hand at the other coolies and said proudly, "Everyone here has seen *my* Penchak."

In the Jakarta area you have Nampon, an organization which specializes in hypnotic Silat. There, an expert is hypnotized and performs his intricate movements with mysterious, superhuman ability. As a climax to the program, still in trance, and while horns blow and the drums clatter he accepts challenges from any one who wishes to test his artificially induced invincibility. In the interior of North Sumatra, Tumbuklado Penchak, also a trance dance, is performed with one boy combatting two girls, all armed with short curved daggers. In this, even if one of the performers is accidentally stabbed, blood does not flow and no injury is sustained. (The aftereffects may be otherwise.)

IN Sunda, a Penchak master, after the standard series of movements, takes a sword and plunging it full strength inside his mouth until the point shows through his cheek muscle almost puncturing it, he tumbles and does a routine of one-hand springs and back flips. Another of his feats is to squeeze the sword tightly between his biceps and chest muscles and then slowly draw it out without cutting himself. Penchak everywhere is sur-

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rounded by convention and formality. No expert would ever consider beginning an exhibition without first praying. No pupil, once a performance starts, may leave the room or change his seat. When two opponents face each other, they must salute each other respectfully before and after each bout. Penchak usually is performed barehanded at first, and then in rapid succession they take up a variety of weapons and clubs, krisses, curved daggers, long swords, sticks, jagged knives, spears, tridents that jangle with every thrust, and as an ultimate in pyrotechnics, unequal weapons are pitted against each other—a long javelin, for instance, will be held by one man while his opponent will brandish a tiny stiletto. In Sumatra women sometimes fight against men in Penchak matches. Because of training in this art, it is claimed in other parts of Indonesia that Sumatran women are more progressive and talkative than those elsewhere.

Of all the many kinds of Penchak and Silat in Indonesia, none is more marvelous, and frightening than the special kind found in Bukitinggi, the capital of the Minangkabao area in Central Sumatra. It is interesting to note that no other district of Indonesia has produced as many political figures, ranging from the Vice-President to the head of the most powerful party in the government, and all of them, of course, know how to do Penchak. Of the many performers the city boasts, none is more brilliant than Etek Sutan (a minor princely title) Koli Mudo, who can be found at the Pemerentahan Koto near Bukitinggi itself. Mudo brings to this highly evolved science of combat the sensitivity of the practicing professional artist. His Penchak is along broad, expansive lines with the body articulated from head to toe. In his performance, along with a selection of his prize pupils (a performance comprises around a dozen men), the dance-fight progresses by indirection, the bodies tense in anticipation. Every gesture is controlled, focused, and governed by invisible rules that mysteriously link the two opponents as clearly as a rehearsed *pas de deux* connects the movements in ballet of its two performers. There is only perfect physical coordination and the mental adjustment, improvised and spontaneous between one mind and body and that of the other. His troupe moves rhythmically and gracefully in what to my way of thinking is the most civilized form of fighting in the world. No hold is pressed, no kick carries through to a hurt, there is no blood, unless there is an accident, and this is almost impossible if the performers are truly expert.

Mudo, above all other Penchak practitioners in Indonesia, makes explicit the esthetic value of danger within an art form. Penchak is in deadly earnest, and the slightest slip could mean serious harm to one or the other opponent. In the West, we are inclined to associate the quality of danger with either the circus or sports. In Penchak, perhaps because of its steady rhythm and its grandiose gestures, the atmosphere of dance which surrounds it, or perhaps because of the music which usually accompanies it, it is so manifestly art instead of exercise that the horizon of dance extends yet again into a new world.

Mudo's Penchak is performed in the rigidly traditional manner of the Bukitinggi area. The clothes of black cheesecloth bordered with silver thread resemble Chinese pyjamas. The crotch of the trousers, however, hangs down to the knees and the wide waist is bunched together and fastened with a belt. On the long sleeves of the jacket, chevrons of silver thread denote the performer's rank. A tightly wound turban of sober blue or brown batik keeps the long hair of the performers from tumbling down over their eyes, and when, in a sudden scurry of activity or during a swift locking of hands and feet, it flies off, you are sometimes surprised to see a shock of gray hair and discover that the young-looking performer you have been admiring is in reality an elderly gentleman. Many of the performers have fierce mustaches that curl at the ends, and on the forefinger of their right hand some of them wear a large agate set in silver as a symbol of strength.

BEFORE Mudo and his men perform, each one walks up to you, noisily slaps the loose fold of cloth at the lowslung crotch (it sounds as if the material is being ripped), brings his knees together, and kneels extending his open palms and clasping your hands in his. He then touches the floor with both hands, brings them to his forehead. He says "minta maaf" (I beg your pardon) which asks forgiveness in advance in case he makes a mistake or is clumsy. Then the group forms a circle and Randai begins. Randai consists of walking slowly, counterclockwise, pausing at intervals, slapping the cloth between the crotch, posing, standing on one foot like a stork for a long time (this prepares the sense of balance which will be necessary in the succeeding Penchak), then executing a subtle turn or leap. Sometimes the group pivoting on one foot twist and turn as if corkscrewing themselves down to the ground and then unwind

The Penchak in Bali—"the longer you dance the more the spirit rises."

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and rise back up to a standing position. The leader shouts "*ap ap*" to direct and control these practice movements. They finally clap their hands three times, make an obeisance (hands together in front of the face) towards Mudo, and the individual matches start.

Mudo nods to one of the men sitting around him, who then goes to the center of the circle. Penchak begins with the eyes, and suddenly, when the performer is ready, his eyes change focus, his look tenses, he stares into space and makes a series of gyrations, kicks, parries and thrusts all in slow motion.

MUDO nods again and an opponent enters the circle and the fight-dance moves into full swing. Their feet slap against the floor. One spins around the waist of the other. One or other of the fighters is thrown lightly to the ground. He smacks the palm of his hand to break the fall and to give the movement emphasis. Another pair is sent into the circle by a glance from Mudo, this time with daggers of sharp steel. Each lunges at the other. The feet kick at the dagger. Often one of the opponents bites the weapon to wrest it away. The two bodies roll over, without ever losing the rhythm or making a careless accidental gesture. They circle the dance area with excited caution. Their eyes never leave their opponent's, as if they were reading each other's innermost thoughts. They attack with lightning lunges, arcs of arms and legs blur, and the two bodies disentangle again only to re-engage themselves with this wicked skill. A dagger flies spinning out of the area, sometimes narrowly missing a spectator. Mudo stops each sortie with a word, and no pair is allowed to dance-fight for more than a few minutes.

"The passions must cool. The longer you dance the more the spirit rises. If the heart becomes hard, then the dance becomes a fight," Mudo explains. At the end of each performance the players kneel and clasp each other's hands, and again present themselves before you.

I asked Mudo once to show me the most difficult movement in Penchak. He looked at me in alarm, and answered, "To show you that I would have to kill a man. Killing is the most difficult thing." We compromised, and he explained the technique of how to kill. The movement is called "breaking the body" and for it, you must seize the opponent's throat from behind, snap one of his arms backwards, and crack his spine with your knee. The whole process takes one second, is completely rhythmical, and is fatal.

"Music in Our Time" Series

By EVERETT HELM

"MUSIC IN OUR TIME" is the name given to a Sunday afternoon series of eight concerts of contemporary music just completed in the Lexington Avenue YMHA. The series came about through the initiative of Max Pollikoff, violinist, who, with the support of the YMHA, organized the concerts, chose the programs, acted as master of ceremonies, and appeared in each concert except the last, which was devoted to jazz, as performer. Mr. Pollikoff deserves unstinted praise for his enthusiasm and venturesomeness as well as for the innumerable hours he must have spent practising the works in which he himself performed. Most of these were difficult, and on the whole Mr. Pollikoff acquitted himself well.

The undertaking, however, is of such proportions that one man can scarcely be expected to do single-handed all that Mr. Pollikoff undertook to do. His program commentaries might have been better thought-out and better organized, and the performances were not always of the highest caliber. Aside from this, the programs have tended to be so long that their effectiveness has reached the point of diminishing returns. Many of the composers whose works have been played were present for a discussion with audience participation at the close of each concert. These discussions, left to chance and unguided, failed to come off, and some of them had to be omitted entirely because time had run out.

The eight programs making up the series include compositions by thirty-six composers, representing the most varied trends and styles of modern music. Some of the composers heard are big names: Bartok, Hindemith, Prokofieff; others are more or less well known in this country and abroad: Copland, Ives, Schuman, Gershwin, Dello Joio, Bernstein, Cowell, Gould. The majority of pieces however were by composers whose reputation is chiefly American, and several young composers were represented who are only beginning to make themselves known.

Eight concerts devoted entirely to contemporary music present problems of programming that require a great deal of thought and planning, and if a similar series is undertaken next season Mr. Pollikoff will doubtless be in a position to benefit from this year's experience and mistakes. The present series gives a certain impression of haphazardness in the selection and grouping of the works performed and a too great casualness in their execution.

No attempt can be made here, of course, to consider each work heard. Certain pieces stand out for various reasons. Morton Gould's Suite for Violin and Piano was thoroughly delightful as music and as Americana. It is skilfully written, unpretentious, and full of vitality. The second movement, a parodistic march, achieves what many composers have tried to do and failed. It succeeds in being roaringly funny without straining. Wallingford Riegger's Sonatina for Violin and Piano represents a diametrically opposed stylistic trend, the direction of atonality, but it too succeeds because of the honesty of its utterance. It is a delicate sort of writing, avoiding all excesses, transparent in texture and full of invention. Charles Jones's "Epiphany for Spoken Voice, Violin, Clarinet, Trumpet, and Piano" is remotely related in style to Stravinsky; but here again it is the originality of treatment that gives it stature.

Valdimir Ussachevsky's "Piece for Tape Recorder" also shows the composer searching for new expressive means in quite another direction. This exponent of the local equivalent of *musique concrète* is clearly not concerned with the production of new sounds as an end in itself but with their possibilities (which approach the infinite) in an expanded world of musical sound. Otto Luening's fine Trio for Flute, Violin, and Piano, on the other hand, employs the traditional elements of music (tonality, counterpoint, melody) in a conservative modern idiom. The appeal of this music lies in its freshness and in its natural vitality. Based clearly on baroque forms, it is chamber music in the best sense of the word.

Despite the stylistic divergence of the works just mentioned (and of certain others that space does not permit mentioning) they all have one quality in common: musical content. As time goes on and unfamiliar idioms and styles become familiar, it becomes constantly more patent that good music can be written in any idiom—be it twelve-tone or C major.

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Speak to Me of French

By HAROLD LAWRENCE

THE ubiquitous Max de Rieux, actor, singer, and mise-en-scène director at the Paris Opéra and Opéra-Comique, has at last come up with a "réalisation" that perhaps better suits his talents than any of his other recording projects. In such albums as "Manon," "Carmen," and "Véronique" his running commentary at times blotted out whole sections of the orchestral score and was generally an intrusive element. No such dubious notions are entertained in London's new literary series entitled, "Leurs Débuts," where the spoken word is, after all, the object in point. Here de Rieux restricts himself to planning the content and reading some of the poems by the featured authors. It is interesting to note that of the four writers represented in this release—Maurice Donnay (1859-1945), Paul Fort (b. 1872), Jean Sarment (b. 1897) and Max Jacob (1876-1944)—only Jacob is known outside his native France, and his fame is by no means comparable to that of such figures as Valéry, Claudel, Cocteau, Gide, and Giraudoux. However, the relative obscurity of Jacob and the others should deter no one from exploring their work.

In a voice remarkably like that of Michel Simon (he of the large jaw), Paul Fort inaugurates the series with a rambling and always amusing account of his life and career (TW-91069, $4.98). He describes his childhood in Paris and the snowball fights he and his classmates waged with the gang from the Ecole des Alsaciens. One day, André Gide and Pierre Louÿs were leading the Alsatians when suddenly Louÿs's voice was heard through the barrage of frosty pellets reciting a poem by Ronsard in loud and clear tones. Everyone was so touched by the performance that they declared a truce and rushed into each other's arms. There are also memories of Verlaine ("le centre de tout" for young poets of the day) at the Café Voltaire, of Fort's election in 1912 by 400 of his fellow poets as "Prince of Poets," and of his visit to pre-revolutionary Russia when he was stopped by the border police who mistook him for a would-be assassin of the Tsar.

After Fort's evocation of the past, a number of his poems are read by Blanche Corberie, Germaine Tourangelle, Pierre Bertin, and Max de Rieux. The informal character of the proceedings is illustrated by Fort's comments on the first of these poems: "Eh bien, non! I've done better than that. Here's one I'm half proud of."

Along with Romains, Cocteau, Giraudoux and Anouilh, Jean Sarment's career was launched on the boards of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier in the early Twenties. He is represented here by a scene from a drama dealing with the hypothetical marriage of Hamlet and Ophelia, and by a group of poems read by himself (TW-91066, $4.98). Phonographically Sarment's account of his beginnings has little of the charm and sparkle of his works. In his own words, he finds it "difficult, annoying, and a bit distasteful to speak about oneself." As for his poems, that is a different matter. One of the highlights of the recording is his reading of a hilarious, and at the same time pathetic, monologue of a young man deserted by his girl in a cabaret. You can picture the discouraged fellow talking and singing to himself in a half-drunken stupor, pouring forth disconnected fragments of thought and melody.

Maurice Donnay first came to the theatre by way of a cabaret. Hearing his voice, recorded shortly before his death, one can well believe him capable of titillating audiences at the Chat Noir in Montmartre in the 1890s. Yvette Guilbert, who immortalized one of his poems, "Les vieux messieurs," in a recording issued by Angel (64011), described Donnay in her memoirs as an "Aristophanic" satirist who ridiculed his victims with a good-natured smile. Donnay's "improvisations" at the Chat Noir eventually led him to writing for the stage and he went on to become a master in the field of the light comedy. The present recording contains some of his most characteristic poems (TW-91072, $4.98). What more original bit of poetic fantasy can be found in contemporary French literature than "La Caissière"—the story of a young poet half-mesmerized by a cashier in a restaurant? "Cashier, where are your feet? . . . Strange animal . . . very enigmatic . . . bizarre monster . . . lovely sphinx with dark eyes, whose supple and serene waist ends in the shape of a counter."

The words "strange, enigmatic, and bizarre" could certainly apply to Max Jacob, who from Brittany came to Paris around the turn of the century with the intention of becoming a painter. Little came of that, so he spent more of his time writing. His friends dismissed him with a shrug as a clever but inconsequential bohemian who was not to be taken seriously. Nevertheless, in his early years he anticipated the surrealists, lent substance to many of the flighty experiments of the symbolists, wrote profusely in several media including plays, verse, and novels. In this recording (TW-91073, $4.98) Abbé Garnier reviews Jacob's career, the spectacular circumstances of his conversion to Catholicism, and his position in the eyes of his friends and contemporaries. The reverse side contains several poems, a letter, and a song. One of the most moving poems in the series, "Amour du Prochain," gives us a glimpse into the hearts of those who, like Jacob, wore the yellow star during the Nazi occupation.

With the exception of the Donnay interview, fair to excellent technical standards prevail. One suspects that the uneven recording characteristics which exist from one band to the next are the result of patching together radio and studio tapes made at different times. However, this is not a serious matter.

APART from the authors themselves, the principal readers are Max de Rieux and Pierre Bertin. De Rieux delivers his lines in admirably precise and clipped accents; Bertin is less detached and infuses each poem with a blend of color, passion, and extemporaneousness. The sharp contrasts between the two speakers lend a welcome variety to the "programs."

Only one reader is featured in another new London International release, "Les Poèmes de Jehan Rictus." (TW-91065, $4.98), but he is all that is required. As a matter of fact, it would be difficult to find someone better equipped for the task than the gamin of Ménilmontant, Maurice Chevalier. The role is an unusual one for the sixty-eight-year-old entertainer who has momentarily dropped his straw hat and nightclub inflection. Through the argot poems of Rictus, Chevalier re-creates in poignant and deeply-felt portrayals the world of the poor of Paris, the Paris of Frapié's "La Maternelle" and Steinlen's evocative drawings. For those who were disappointed by his recent run on a New York stage, a recording like this proves once again that, with the right material, Chevalier is more than an entertainer, indeed a unique artist. With these five "realisations," Max de Rieux has produced a series of recordings whose contribution to the understanding of modern French literature cannot be overestimated.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
The Dual Role of Bobby Brookmeyer. Prestige LP 214, $3.95.	This is the sort of sound, unpretentious jazz—without so much as a hiccup to mar its equilibrium—that the swollen state of the record industry now allows for, as well as generally swallows up. Brookmeyer, an extremely inventive valve trombonist, uses that instrument on two numbers, switching to relaxed, untrammeled piano on the remaining two. Jimmy Raney is on guitar, T. Kotick on bass, and M. Lewis drums. Three originals and one standard.
Afternoon of an Elf: With Errol Garner. Mercury MG-20090, $3.98.	Recorded, solo, about a year ago, when Garner had a broken index finger on his left hand, this is a cumulus of splintering chords and massed orchestral improvisations, all of which are performed with a kind of Vesuvian abandon difficult to credit to a single man with only nine fingers. Three originals and four standards. Fascinating.
Terry Gibbs. EmArcy MG-36047, $3.98.	A ringing, sweating session, punctuated with frequent whoops of encouragement, in which Gibbs, long one of the principal modern vibraphonists, propels his quartet (Terry Pollard, H. Wright, Bert Dale) through five originals and four standards. Especially noteworthy is Miss Pollard, a young pianist from Detroit, who has a fluid percussive style that is continually imaginative.
Norman Granz presents Jam Session #7. Clef MG C-677, $3.98.	The seventh of a type of extended-time studio session that Granz pioneered some four years ago. On hand are Lionel Hampton, F. Phillips, I. Jacquet, B. Webster, J. Hodges, R. Eldridge, D. Gillespie, O. Peterson, R. Brown, and B. Rich, and they play "Blue Lou" and "Just You, Just Me" in up and middle tempos, respectively. This is solo jazz, or grazz, and it gets pretty windy after a time, except in the persons of Hodges, Webster, and, occasionally, the two trumpeters.
Jazz Spectacular: With Frankie Laine and Buck Clayton and his Orchestra. Columbia CL-808, $3.95.	A puzzling potage that is reminiscent of the Vocalions made in the late Thirties by Putney Dandridge, a pianist and uncertain singer, with such accompanists as Teddy Wilson, Roy Eldridge, and Sid Catlett. Laine, a popular singer who tends to punt his songs like footballs, is accompanied, variously, by such as Clayton D. Wells, Jo Jones, H. Jefferson, and Sir Charles Thompson. Fortunately, there is plenty of solo space. Ten standards.
Happy Jazz: With Tony Parenti's All-Stars. Jazztone J-1215, $3.85.	The news here is the return to a recording studio of Henry "Red" Allen, one of the great fundamental trumpeters, who, with Jabbo Smith, helped quell the Armstrong panic of the Thirties. This is, in the main, the thoughtful, poignant Allen of old, and his solos on "Frankie and Johnny" and "Blues" are especially valuable. Also present are Parenti, T. Glenn, H. Duncan, M. Hinton, and G. Wettling. Only six of the ten selections are by the band, the rest being dull trio exercises built around Parenti's clarinet.
Opus de Jazz. Savoy MC-12036, $4.95.	Another wholly enjoyable experiment from the Savoy laboratories in Hackensack. Milt Jackson, Frank Wess (tenor saxophone and flute), Hank Jones, Eddie Jones, and Kenny Clarke are the personnel. They play three long blues and one long ballad the same way that Stepin Fetchit used to walk. Jones' piano is superb.
Gene Krupa-Lionel Hampton-Teddy Wilson-Red Callender Quartet. Clef MG C-681, $3.98.	A resurrection, in extended form, of what used to be called woodshedding. The trouble, though, is that Hampton, who acts as a horn here, keeps running out of gas. Wilson, however, is as reliable as ever, and Krupa, as of yore, spears everyone at random with bayonetlike rimshots. Six standards, all having to do with Benny Goodman.
Presenting the Gerry Mulligan Sextet. EmArcy MG-36056, $3.98.	The first recording that Mulligan's present group (Z. Sims, B. Brookmeyer, J. Eardley, P. Morrison, D. Bailey) has made since its inception late last summer. This is a genuinely organic jazz unit, built on collective interplay, and is, as such, probably the best modern small band around today. The soloists are excellent, especially Sims. The materials are ingeniously arranged around the solos as well as in long and highly original contrapuntal sections that are unique in their written-improvised way. There is, too, that tough lyricism which Mulligan brings to all his work. First-rate.
Oscar Pettiford. Vol. II. Bethlehem. BCP-33, $4.85.	Despite all the ammunition here, this is a rather disappointing record. The materials, which were contributed and arranged by such as G. Gryce, B. Taylor, Quincy Jones, and Pettiford, are good and the personnel is loaded with medals (D. Byrd, E. Royal, B. Brookmeyer, G. Gryce, J. Richardson, D. Abney, O. Johnson), but, somehow, except in the magnificent bass and cello work of Pettiford, as well as in a few solos by the others, this is simply more modern small band jazz. Eight originals and one standard.
Rare—But Well Done: With the Jimmy Rowles Trio. Liberty LRP-3003, $3.98.	An excellent showcase for Jimmy Rowles, a largely unnoticed pianist who has a sense of touch equal to that of Nat Cole and Hank Jones and a spare melodic style that gives each note its due weight and place. There are eleven standards, including a "Topsy" that is, with its *sotto voce* chords, lazy pedalling, and pebbly single notes, a real little piece of art. Red Mitchell and Art Mardigan are the perfect accompanists.
Accent on Trumpet: With Ernie Royal. Urania UJLP 1203, $4.98.	The two originals and six standards here display the fine, springy, declarative modern trumpet of Ernie Royal, who is in good, if not brilliant form, and the buttery piano of Billy Taylor. The date is badly marred, however, by the Hawaiian pinging of George Barne's guitar. Oscar Pettiford, Osie Johnson, and Sidney Gross, who officiated, round out the rhythm section.
Tribute to Benny Goodman: With Jess Stacy and His Orchestra. Atlantic 1225, $4.85.	Jess Stacy is, of course, one of the few original jazz pianists of whatever persuasion, and here, with a nine-piece band (ten numbers) and a trio (four numbers), he recaptures and even tops those small-band sides made some fifteen years ago with Lionel Hampton and under his own name for Varsity. Included are a boiling Ziggy Elman, Vido Musso, N. Fatool, A. Reuss, Heinie Beau, etc. The notes are by George F. Scott Frazier.
Lennie Tristano. Atlantic 1224, $4.85.	A masterful pianist and jazz musician, Tristano reveals here, in two solo numbers, two trio numbers, and five sides recorded recently in a New York restaurant with Lee Konitz, G. Ramey, and A. Taylor a lyricism and fire that are more obvious than in most of his earlier work. Listen, particularly, to "Requiem," "Turkish Mambo," and the two fragmentary trio sides, which have some intriguing double taping. An essential record. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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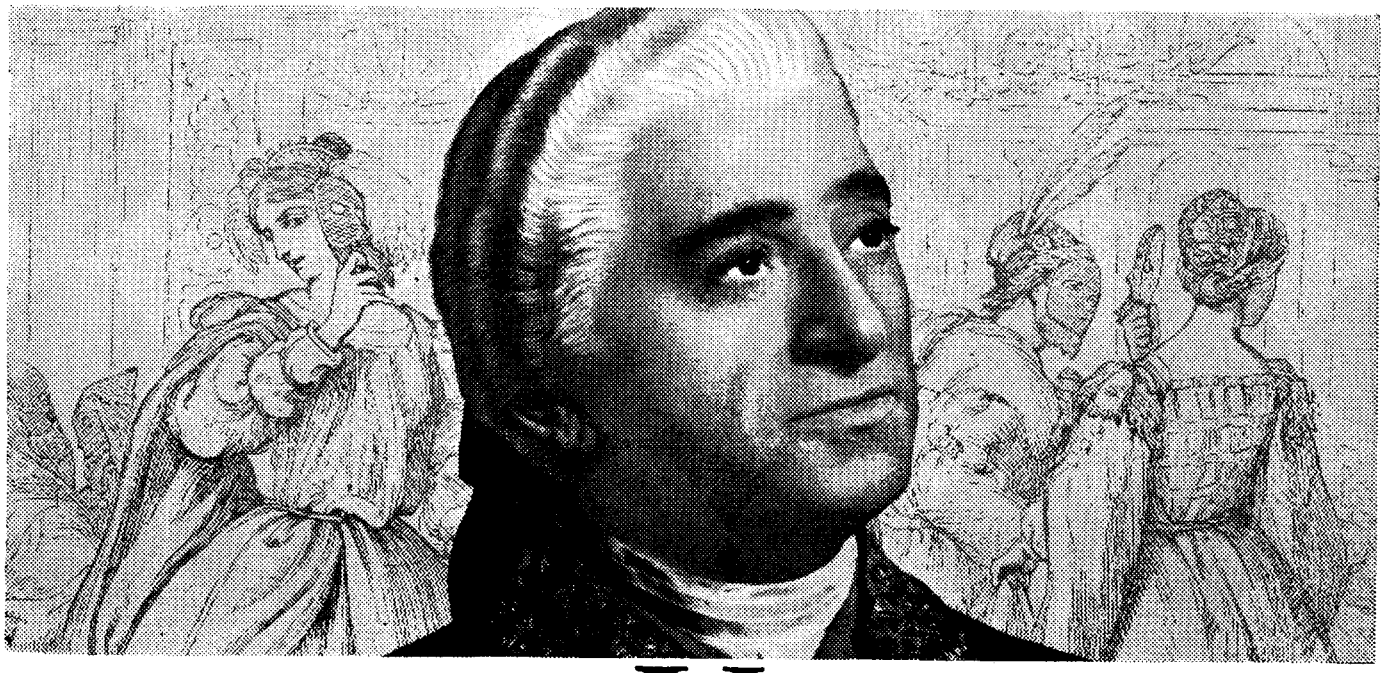
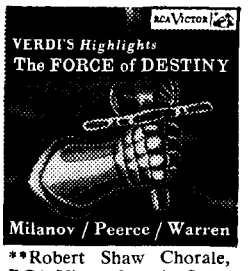


...and he's on RCA VICTOR records!

During a Toscanini performance of *La Bohème,* Jan Peerce finished an aria on the note E as written, instead of the flashier high C which tenors customarily prefer. Later, when asked why, he said, "Sometimes by holding back, you give more. Tonight we gave Puccini, not Peerce!"

**Stokowski, cond., with Robert Shaw Chorale. Long Play (LM-1848) $3.98



**Robert Shaw Chorale, RCA Victor Symph. Orch. Long Play (LM-1916) $3.98

Other recordings by Jan Peerce:

**A Masked Ball (Verdi) (Complete). Toscanini, cond. 3 Long Play records. (LM-6112) $11.98. **Highlights, Long Play (LM-1911) $3.98

*Rigoletto (Complete). Cellini, cond. 2 Long Play records (LM-6021) $7.98

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HOW TO BE HAPPY WITH ONE LOUDSPEAKER

By R. S. LANIER

ONE OF the generalizations that powers the march of high fidelity is this: loudspeaker systems with two units are better than those with one, three units are better than two, and so on. With qualifications applying in many individual cases, this is good doctrine and was not invented just for the greater glory of the loudspeaker manufacturers. You *can* get more clean sound, and lower bass and higher treble sounds, from well-designed multi-unit systems than from single cone speakers.

But it is wrong for the music lover to believe he must strain every nerve to get out of the one-speaker class. The first rule for being happy with one loudspeaker is: don't expect it to fill a large room with a massive volume of sound. A single speaker is particularly appropriate if you will use it in a moderate-to-small room, in which the volume of clear sound it will produce will be more than enough to give you all the musical dynamics you want. This applies particularly to the bass frequencies. Big-room power below 80 or 90 cycles per second requires a speaker designed specifically for bass projection—a woofer, in other words.

The second rule for a happy life with a single speaker is: don't expect the extreme ends of the frequency range at *any* volume. The reason for this is the difficulty of building a cone speaker that performs well at both the bottom bass and top treble. For best bass you need a large, heavy cone; for best treble a light, small cone. The single speaker must go down the middle of the road, reaching as far as it can in both directions.

This turns out to be far enough, in the best speakers. A frequency range that reaches from the vicinity of 65-70 cps, up to 10,000 or 12,000, characteristic of top-quality "wide-range" speakers, will give recorded music all the "reality" you need for complete emotional contact. In fact, it takes very careful listening, with direct and repeated comparisons, to tell the difference between such a frequency standard and the ultimate, or 30-to-15,000 cps range.

So, though our two rules so far stated seem to be renunciations, we are not in fact renouncing any of the musical satisfactions of high fidelity, if we use a single cone speaker of the best quality, in the manner for which it was designed. Our succeeding points have to do with the elements of that which make up the necessary quality.

The first of these is that the speaker should have a low resonant frequency. The "fundamental" or "bass resonance" is the frequency at which the weight of the cone, and the springiness of the suspension that allows it to move, combine to produce an exaggerated vibration, if electrical power is applied at that frequency. The loudspeaker, in other words, has a very strong natural tendency to vibrate at that one frequency. In typical cone speakers, this natural vibration will come at some frequency between about 30 cps and 120 cps. A speaker generally behaves very badly if called on to reproduce any notes which are lower than its resonant frequency.

Thus, the bass resonance in effect sets the lower limit on the frequency response of the speaker. In speakers designed for single-unit service, the cone cannot be made large and heavy, which is necessary for a very low resonance. But it can be low enough, say below 70 cycles. The resonant frequency of a speaker is usually stated today in descriptive brochures and advertising material, and should always be sought out.

One characteristic that helps keep the resonance down is a rather free motion in the cone. This is a highly desirable trait on several counts. Transient response is improved if the cone is easily moved. The distortion that comes from "break-up," the tendency of the cone to bend and flap rather than move all in one piece, is reduced with a free-moving cone. Break-up is a phenomenon mainly of the middle and higher frequencies. You can get a pretty good idea as to whether a cone is stiff or free by holding the speaker in your hands and gently moving the cone in and out, with pressure of your thumbs on opposite sides. A very flexible "surround" is the most important element in free cone motion. The surround is the circular bit of material that goes all around the outer rim of the cone, connecting it to the metal frame of the speaker.

Any cone speaker wants a big magnet, in order to put out good bass, and to produce a fair measure of sound generally in return for the electrical power put in—for good efficiency, in other words. The magnet is the most expensive single part of the speaker, so don't expect to get the biggest magnet on the cheapest speaker. Magnetic strength is measured with a unit called a "gauss," and you will find this specified, probably somewhere between 5,000 gauss, a low figure, and 15,000 or more gauss, which would be high figures.

If you are experimentally inclined, you can make a rough, qualitative test for magnetic strength and resonant frequency. Connect a piece of wire across the speaker terminals, to short the coil. Then thump the cone lightly with your finger. With a strong magnet, the cone will feel stiff—it won't move much. With a low resonant frequency, the sound you get back is low and almost pitchless: it doesn't "ring." With the wire disconnected, the cone should move rather freely, as already noted above.

The size of your speaker is a basic factor in performance. A cone smaller than eight inches in diameter is too small for reasonable bass propagation: bass falls off rapidly as cone area is reduced, even if all other characteristics are equal. (The only way a small cone can put out strong bass is with a large horn attached, which gets us into another and much more expensive type of speaker system.)

At the other extreme, many twelve-inchers, and probably all fifteen-inchers, are too big for single-speaker use, because they cannot handle the top frequencies without too much break-up. Probably the ten-inch speaker, everything else being equal, is the ideal size for a one-speaker system, with some well-designed twelve-inchers admissible.

YOUR final choice will be based on whether or not a speaker has excessive peaks in its response, and on the distortion level. These are vital matters that the layman can approach only through careful listening tests. Compare the clarity and definition, the "holding together" on loud passages, the balance between highs and lows, of the speaker on trial, with those of an expensive speaker.

You have a choice of mounting methods. The single speaker of high quality does well in wall or large box mountings. The rule is to have plenty of air in back of the speaker, and to avoid strong reflection of the sound from the back of the speaker, which throws it out through the acoustically-transparent cone to interfere with the front wave. This means that the wall mounting is in some respects ideal. A tight box must be big and must be heavily lined with sound-absorbing material. The bass-reflex improves the performance right in the vicinity of the resonant frequency, if it is properly tuned.

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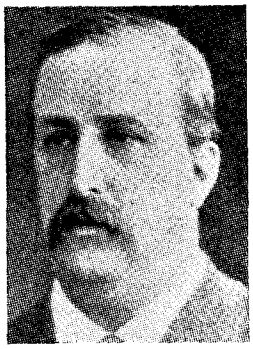
"HALKA" AND "PRINCE IGOR"



—Borodin (Culver).

MONIUSZKO: *"Halka." Opera in four acts.* (CRLP 188-189P.)
BORODIN: *"Prince Igor." Ouverture and Poutivle Scene. In the Castle of Prince Galitsky. (Act I Complete.) Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre under Melik-Pashaieff.* (CRLP 166.)

STANISLAW MONIUSZKO'S opera "Halka" is 110 years old (it was premièred at Warsaw in 1846) but it does not "sound" its age. To be sure there is nothing modern in this music—on the contrary it is romantic and as tuneful as Verdi's or Puccini's works. The plot of the opera is melodramatic and of the kind that can be transplanted into any society and any epoch, including ours, without losing its moral, if not necessarily political, message. Halka is a poor orphan peasant girl who has been seduced by her "Lord and Master," the landowner Yanusz. She is pregnant and becomes overwrought and desperate when she learns that her lover is going to marry another girl, rich and noble as he is. Halka implores him not to leave her and Yanusz vows his love for her, but nevertheless does not change his wedding plans. Halka forgives him and during the marriage ceremony, drowns herself, thus paying the price for Yanusz's sin and the future of his happiness. And that is all.

To base Halka's tragedy on the evils of "the old regime," the laws forbidding a nobleman to marry a commoner, to offer, as some do, this human situation as a reason for the large Polish emigration to the United States is, I think, to exaggerate its political significance. Nor do I agree with some critics who thought that the whole story could have been told in one act and did not have to be drawn out into four. Most operatic plots can be reduced to a smaller size, and if they are not it is because in opera music is more important than the story. Moniuszko (1820-1872) was a prolific composer; he wrote many songs and pianoforte pieces and because he was an organist in St. John's church at Wilna he composed five masses, cantatas, and much choral music. Out of some ten operas he composed "Halka" was acclaimed the Polish National Opera although the score obviously shows the influence of the German and Italian schools. It abounds in arias *à la* Italian and the music's harmonic dress is more German than Slavic. However, two national Dances are worthy of note: the Polonaise, with which the first act opens, and the Mazurka which closes the first act. The latter, by the way, should serve as an example to the pseudo-Polish interpreters who to this day do not know the Mazurka's characteristic rhythm. The Moniuszko Philharmonic Society of Posnan, Poland is to be congratulated for this excellent performance of the opera under the direction of Valerian Berdiayew.

The soloists are well chosen and the chorus well prepared. Both Marian Woznicko (baritone) as Yanusz, and Waclaw Dominiecki (tenor) as Yontek, the unhappy peasant in love with Halka, are good, but the prize honors should go to Antonina Kawecka as Halka, whose beautiful soprano should place her among the foremost in Eastern Europe.

MORE than a year ago (December 25, 1954) I reviewed Act II from Borodin's "Prince Igor," then the only one available. Now we have the first act. This present instalment confirmed my first impression that the Bolshoi Theatre performance surpasses all the other productions of Borodin's opera. Even Glazunov's weak version of Borodin's Overture as it is performed by the Bolshoi Theatre's orchestra under Melik-Pashaieff's baton blends happily with Borodin's own epic style of writing. Those who also were introduced to the opera via the second act now have the opportunity to hear the rest of the cast: Eva Smolenskaya as Yaroslavna, Alexander Pirogov as Prince Galitsky, and Ivan Skossov and Feodor Godovkin as Skula and Yeroshka—all of them distinguished artists who contributed to this superb performance. —VICTOR SEROFF.

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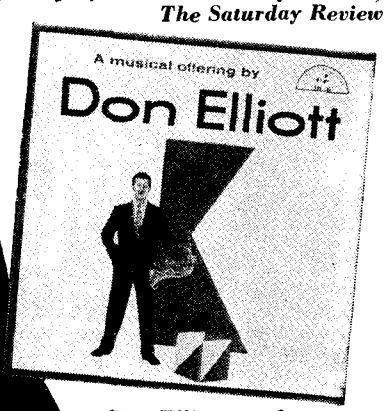

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I MANAGED to get down to Mexico for a week not long ago, and I must say that Mexico City was a good deal more impressive to me than I had found it when I last landed here back in 1951. An American, or as they prefer to call us down here, a *North* American, especially one from New York, can only be both awed and embarrassed at the capital's new airport. Awed because of its spaciousness, its good taste, the plants that grow pleasantly in its waiting rooms, the subtle Mexican motif to its decor, and the superb touch of a white-gloved waiter to serve a steaming demitasse of black coffee to every incoming passenger. The embarrassment derives from a backward thought to Idlewild, that hopeless, jerrybuilt, clumsy, outgrown monstrosity with which the world's most powerful, progressive nation greets the bulk of its foreign visitors.

Once through Mexican customs passengers will have their bags brought out to the sidewalk, where they can exchange about a dollar's worth of pesos for a coupon which pays for the ride into the city in a private taxi. There are no lumbering buses and checking and rechecking of baggage or, for that matter, waiting for a busful before commencing the ride into town. What's more, the cab takes you for the same dollar directly to your hotel.

Mexico City seemed now a little more true to the south-of-the-border sobriquet, "Paris of the Americas," which it has been wearing many years. It seemed very much, in many ways too like an American, or should I say, *North* American city. For one thing, the skyscrapers bloom like Lower Broadway, and neon flashes in the night like a stretch of the Loop. Hotels are rising along the elegant Reforma, the local Fifth Avenue, with the suddenness that the new glass office-buildings have come to Park Avenue in New York. Along the boulevard one can examine the bulk of the new Continental

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Hilton scheduled to open (with stars and bars) in the fall. At the juncture where the Reforma meets the Avenida Juarez, the tremendous façade of the new Plaza is taking a new and somewhat bulbous shape with a glass bay-window bulging on towards the automotive cackle of the square.

There are other touches, too. A genuine, red-and-gold-lettered F. W. Woolworth five-and-ten-peso store is located smack on the Reforma. And a half-Mexican, half-U.S. admixture had produced bright, shining new banks with glass fronts guarded by a policeman, who paraded back and forth in front of the entrance armed with a pistol and a submachine gun. Store windows were full of American merchandise—Marx toys, for example, manufactured in Mexico, and the familiar boxes of Jello, which still come in six delicious flavors down here, *naranja, fresa, frambuesa, cereza, limon,* and *limon verde.* You read the labels out loud and it sounds like an old Jack Benny broadcast in Spanish.

MEXICO has also adopted a number of Parisian flavors, particularly restaurants that have taken the names of famous Parisian places. The famous Pam-Pam chain of short-order places that nourished many an ex-G.I. through those Bill of Rights years has opened a branch in the lower arcade of the huge Del Prado Hotel. A sign outside it one recent night offered "New York City Steak—$12." Local types have adopted a taste not only for U.S. sirloin but they use the dollar sign as well, a peculiarity that may give *Norteamericanos* an anxious moment or two until they find out that $ means pesos, and it takes eight pesos or so to make a dollar.

While the Mexicans were masticating the New York cut sirloin at the Parisian Pam-Pam I repaired to the restaurant in the lobby of the newly revamped Reforma Hotel, now operated by Pan American's hotel subsidiary, and had a steak Mexican style. It came surrounded by a ring of accoutrements that would have been outlawed in New York State as contraband fireworks. These combustibles included *enchiladas* which had chicken inside and came bathed in *molé,* a red sauce made of nuts, chocolate, and six different kinds of peppers; a spoon of sliced peppers sautéed with onions; some hot tamales, a high explosive made of corn meal and pepper wrapped in corn husks and smothered, to add piquancy, with a green sauce made of green tomatoes and green peppers. Nor have I mentioned *guacamole,* which is avocado and tomato laced

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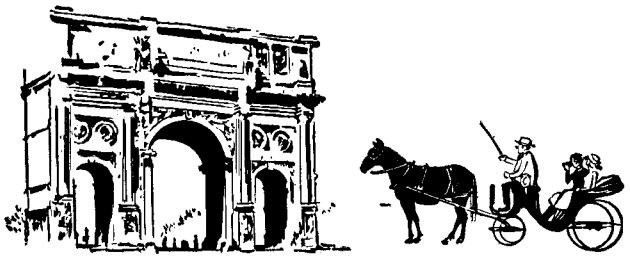

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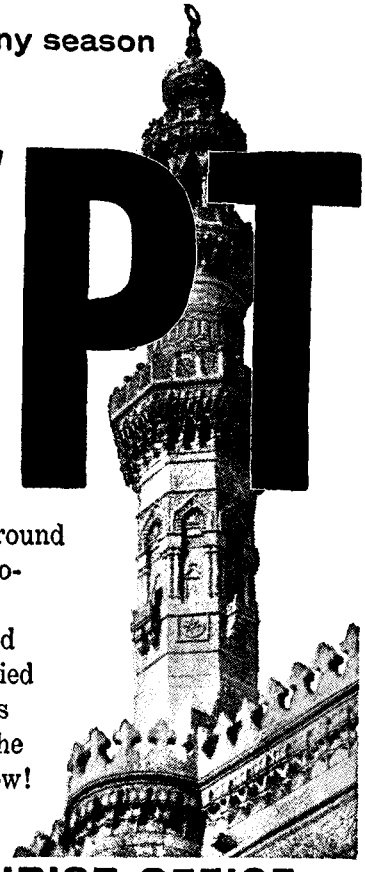

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with peppers and onions, and a range of *frijoles*, or mashed beans with sticks of fried *tortillas* on top. In the center, kept warm, I suspect, by radiation, lay the steak. I recommend steak Mexican style to anyone who has an asbestos tongue.

Besides a pepper rash Mexico City is also busting out with hotels. In addition to the Hilton and the Plaza, which I have already noted, there is a stupendous venture called the Alfer in the Juarez area. It is called the Alfer because it is a project of two well-heeled Mexicans named Alfonso and Fernando Franco. Aside from its 200 rooms outfitted in various degrees of opulence, Al and Ferdie's Alfer will have a waterfall in the lobby, a restaurant, and a bar in East Indian style. Three duplex suites on the tenth floor will be handy to the tenth-floor swimming pool, the tenth-floor solarium, nightclub, and for daytime hours, the tenth-floor open-air, four-hole putting green.

Just a step or two from the Del Prado, which is run in the snappy-service American—excuse me, North American, tradition—is the Bamer, a jewel of an inn built since I was last there. Its small plush lobby and intimate dining room and bar finished in wool tartans have that snug, rich, candy-box atmosphere. The rooms are handsome and expensive, especially expensive by Mexican standards, and there is a delightful rooftop terrace set with straw chairs where you can start the day or finish it with an immediate view of the Avenida Juarez and the pleasant park across the street.

RIGHT at hand is the Museo Naçional de Artes y Industrias Populares, which to my mind is one of the best places to shop in all Mexico. I found it once after carting all manner of fragile dust collectors from the hinterland villages, only to find them all here at the same price or better. Anyway, you can pick among primitive pottery, especially candelabra and brilliantly-colored plaster bulls; good Mexican jewelry collected from the artisans of Taxco; outsized vases and handblown glassware in deep green or blue or even opaque, mottled white.

They were also displaying the day I was there during this last visit a collection of wax skulls which could be lighted on a chosen holiday, and flicker in memory of a deceased one whose name would be inscribed on order, like a birthday cake, on the forehead. The skulls aside, there is much to buy in Mexico, not excluding hairless Mexican dogs. One place advertises them in the weekly tourists

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where-to-go sheet as "The Ideal Clean Flealess Dogs—Real Hot Dogs—They Have a Warm Soft Skin."

IF you have come from the States flying first class you are eligible for a sixty-six pound weight allowance, which I managed to hit right on the nose on the way back although fully equipped with everything short of a real hot dog. The talk of transportation circles here is still of Air France's coup in engineering nonstop service from New York to Mexico City. It has been in operation some time now, and it still is the only line with a through route from Gotham. You can imagine how this strikes Eastern, which has a big (and quiet) office at the edge of the Reforma, not to mention American Airlines, old Mexican hands too. Pan American, since it may not fly inside the U.S. anyway, is probably not as badly hurt. Meanwhile, the French are offering daily service from the east coast, as a continuation, so to speak, of their Paris-New York service.

Mexico City is coolish these days, although one could get by with a light topcoat or indeed none at all by day. The real burning hot weather, enough to thaw a Minnesotan, is in Acapulco, a handy resort just an hour away by air. Planes shuttle back and forth all day. Acapulco has more than a score of beaches, and hotels are going up here at even a more feverish rate than in Mexico City. You can sun the days away by the pools or on the beaches where an anxious corps of hucksters will offer you planters punches or, better yet, frigid containers of excellent Mexican beer. The beer is one easy way around the problem of avoiding Mexican water or Mexican ice. The sailfishing is almost, a veteran fisherman has told me, too easy, and the waterskiing drones on all day, zooming around the harbor, which is also busy with more serious commercial ventures. I must say commerce and frivolity came close to meeting head on the other day when an overzealous motorboat driver towed me between the hull of a Japanese freighter and its anchor line while the Nipponese hands cheered from the decks above.

If you save yourself for the evenings, the boys are still jumping from the cliffs facing La Perla, the town's best club—all as part of the floorshow, or you can spend an incredible minimum price to see the variety hour at a thatched *boîte* with the apt name of Bum-Bum. Beyond that there is the Kalua and the Copacabana, where orchestras play for dancing on the sand. Naturally, it's better with your shoes off. —HORACE SUTTON.

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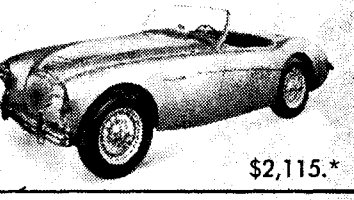

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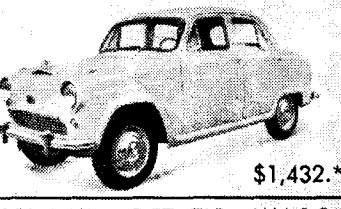

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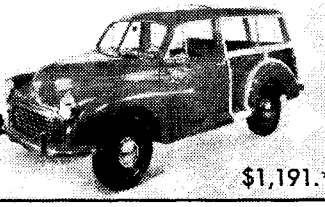

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FESTIVALS EUROPA, 1956

The New Three Bs

By IRVING KOLODIN

IF Robert Browning were alive and a music-lover this is the time of year he would be sighing "O to be in Florence, now that May is almost here." For this is the time of year when the sedentary music-lover begins to feel footloose, the lark is on the wing, and all the European world presents an inviting aspect, especially to those who have applied forethought to the contemporary three Bs—Bed, Board, and Bookings.

Having survived the tenth postwar summer, Europe now shows a total of separate musical activities between May and September numbering at least twenty-four. Since the period embraces less than an equivalent number of weeks, it is evident that the eager listener could spend every week of the intervening time at a different major festival (assuming his ears, digestion, and pocketbook could stand the strain). Add the minor ones, plus the more or less continuous activity in Paris, London, Rome, Brussels and Milan which do not qualify as separate festivals, and the possibilities become positively deafening.

Traditionally the European festival season begins in Florence, where the Maggio Fiorentino has long been a primary target for the early season traveler. It takes up this year on May 2 for the nineteenth time. Opera, of course, will be featured, though a full program has not yet been released.

As in the last year or two, some temporal competition is provided by Wiesbaden, in Germany, beginning on May 5, where visiting troupes from Vienna, Rome, Belgrade, and Paris will present operatic attractions. Unlike other Central European festivals, where Mozart will prevail, Wiesbaden will be offering fare as varied as Mussorgsky's "Khovantschina" and Borodin's "Prince Igor" (by the State Opera of Belgrade between May 19 and 21), Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" (Vienna State Opera, May 3 and 5), and Wagner's "Die Walküre" (Stockholm Opera, May 13). Before and after these dates the local company will give Weber's "Der Freischütz" (May 1) and the Rome Opera will present Rossini's "Barber of Seville" and Puccini's "La Boheme" (May 25-27). Ballet and orchestral concerts will be interspersed, also a staging of O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" (by the Kurfürstendamm-Theatre of Berlin) on May 12 and 13.

If the traveler is disposed to move West at this point, the Bordeaux festival beckons beginning May 6. If to the North, the sequence of Scandinavian festivals which extends well into June is initiated in Copenhagen on May 19. In Bordeaux, a notable promise is the world premiere of Henri Tomasi's "Sampiero Corso," an opera to be directed by the composer on May 6. Other events include an orchestral concert in which Artur Rubinstein is piano soloist on May 9, a solo violin recital by Jascha Heifetz on May 10, and a concert by I Musici in the salon of the temptingly named Chateau d'Yquem on May 16.

The Scandinavian activities, according to custom, are divided among attractions of local and international emphases. Largely speaking, the performing groups are local, the programs international. In Copenhagen a new Concert Hall in the famous Tivoli Gardens is to be in use for the first time in this year's festival. At the opening concert on May 17 Heinrich Hollreiser of Munich will conduct Beethoven's "Eroica" and Strauss's "Don Juan." Later J. Hye-Knudsen will conduct. In observance of the Mozart year, the Royal Opera will present "The Magic Flute" and "The Marriage of Figaro." Interspersed will be performances of the Danish Royal Ballet (which is due for its first American visit in the fall) as well as concerts employing the celebrated organist Finn Viderø and the conductor Mogens Wøldike.

In Bergen, Norway, the festival period is May 25-June 7. Soloists include the now familiar David Oistrakh of the USSR, and one of America's most able pianists, Grant Johannesen. The Bergen Symphony Orchestra will perform under the direction of Carl Garaguly and the BBC will send its symphony orchestra, along with Sir Malcolm Sargent. Between June 3 and 13 the Scandinavian focus will be on Stockholm, where the opera will present new productions of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" as well as the two Mozart operas previously mentioned for Copenhagen, and a work of local origin called "Singolla." The ballet

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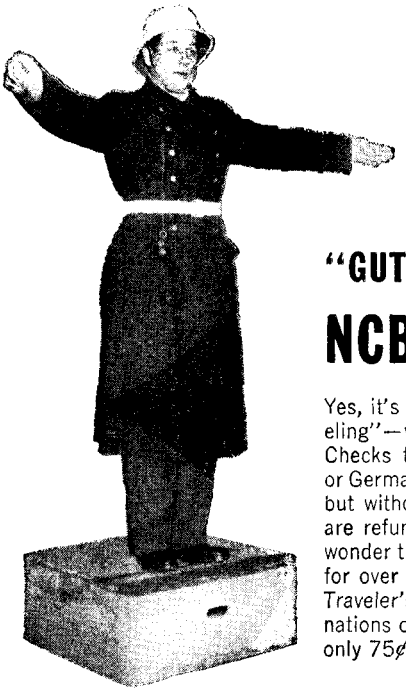
will perform Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" as choreographed by Leonide Massine, in conjunction with a world festival of modern music, between June 3-10. In Finland the festival begins on June 9 and extends through June 18. A Sibelius cycle of the seven symphonies will be covered during the performances of the BBC Symphony Orchestra with Sargent, and those by a Festival Orchestra directed by Jussi Jalas and other native conductors.

June is a month that has lately symbolized Vienna to the music minded, and this year its claims are mostly Mozartian. Between June 1 and 29, almost any week will present the visitor with an opportunity to see "Don Giovanni" and "Magic Flute" in the newly rebuilt State Opera, plus "Cosi fan tutte," "Marriage of Figaro," and "Il Seraglio" in the intimate Redoutensaal. A half-dozen orchestras are scheduled to perform during the month, including visiting groups from Berlin, Amsterdam, Prague, and Leningrad. Confirmed dates are not yet available, nor the identity of all the conductors. Those promised, as of now, include Karajan, Van Beinum, Bruno Walter, Josef Krips, Eugene Mavrinsky, and Karel Ancerl.

Early June also offers festival activity in Strasbourg (mostly of an orchestral nature, including the first performance of a viola concerto by Darius Milhaud, with William Primrose as soloist) followed in the middle and late weeks of the month by the embracing activities in Holland, extending into mid-July. Here is an artful blend of local and imported attractions including, as operatic fare, performances of Verdi's "Falstaff" (Carlo Maria Giulini directing a mostly Italian company), Tomasi's "Sampiero Corso" (as noted before in Bordeaux), "Fidelio," and "Peter Grimes," both utilizing a predominantly Dutch ensemble. Needless to say, the superb Concertgebouw Orchestra will have a full share of prominence (Van Beinum, Dorati, and Klemperer conducting), likewise the Hague Residentie (Rudolf Kempe, Henri Tomasi, and Dorati are its leaders). The Czech Philharmonic and the Belgian National Radio Symphony (Franz André is the conductor) are also announced. Various subsidiary activities, such as a chamber orchestra conducted by Szymon Goldberg, a Chamber Choir led by Felix de Nobel, and concerts utilizing the Amadeus String Quartet of England, the hornist Dennis Brain, etc., will fend off any suggestion of a dull moment.

Between July and the end of August the arrangement of famous festivals is such that the prospective visitor can select his fare in terms of a)



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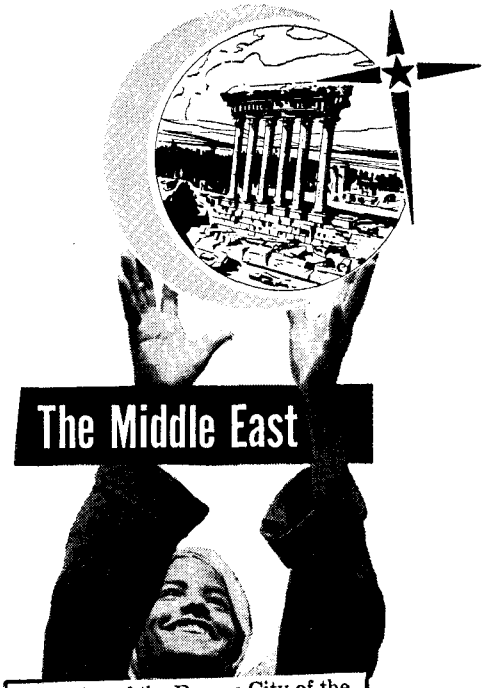

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climate b) language c) personal convenience. That is to say, he can hear Mozart here and Mozart there, whether he chooses Glyndebourne in England (beginning on June 14, it will rotate a sequence of works by that master until mid-August), Aix-en-Provence in southern France (July 7 to August 2, with "Don Giovanni" conducted by Hans Rosbaud followed by Rossini's "Il Barbiere" with Giulini directing), Prades with Pablo Casals (July 2-18) or Salzburg.

In the last-named, veritable holy of holies in the year 1956, no less than six operas of its most famous as well as most profitable export will be presented, beginning with a gala "Nozze di Figaro" on July 21, when Karl Böhm will conduct a name-studded cast including Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Irmgard Seefried, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Erich Kunz, and Anny Felbermayer. In sequence follows "Don Giovanni" on the twenty-fourth, with Dimitri Mitropoulos directing a cast headed by Lisa della Casa, Rita Streich, Fernando Corena, Cesare Siepi and Elisabeth Grümmer; "Idomeneo" on the thirtieth with Böhm, (also Grümmer, Hilde Gueden, Kurt Böhme, and Christl Goltz); "The Magic Flute," with Georg Solti conducting, on August 2, followed by "Cosi fan tutte" (first performance on August 8) and "Il Seraglio" directed by George Szell. Orchestral attractions include a performance of the Mozart "Requiem" under Bruno Walter's direction on July 26, a version of the Berlioz "Requiem" to be directed by Mitropoulos on August 15, the same conductor doing Strauss's "Alpine Symphony" on August 19, and the same composer's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" under the direction of Fritz Reiner on August 22. The New York City Ballet will make three appearances on August 26, 28, and 30. We trust that the prospectus which now identifies Leon Barzin as "choreographer" will take a less critical view in future printings.

The local triangle Salzburg-Bayreuth-Munich provides Europe's most varied, most-inviting festival prospects in late July and August limited only by the visitor's initiative and interest. Beginning on July 24 with a new production of "Die Meistersinger" to be conducted by Andre Cluytens, the next three days in Bayreuth will offer "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Parsifal," and the beginning of the first "Ring" cycle, a formidable program for any theatre no matter how specialized. Aside from the "Dutchman," to be conducted by Joseph Keilberth, the heavy directional duty will be borne by Hans Knappertsbusch. There will be repetitions of all the foregoing, including two cycles of the

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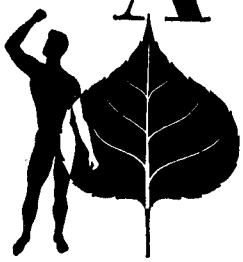

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"Ring" (the first to be conducted by Keilberth).

Munich will also have a Mozartian emphasis this year, offering all the works listed for Salzburg, except "Don Giovanni." However, this is but a small part of the total operatic offering in Munich, which is solidifying its situation as the central stronghold of Straussian activity with no less than eight stage works of the Bavarian master: "Die Aegyptische Helena" (August 10, 21), "Arabella" (August 28), "Ariadne" (September 7), "Capriccio" (August 20, September 3), "Elektra" (September 5), "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" (August 23), "Der Rosenkavalier" (August 16 and 25, September 2), and "Salome" (August 26). Casts and conductors for the individual offerings have not yet been confirmed. Around and between the Mozart-Strauss repertory, Munich will also provide Wagner's "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger," plus Handel's "Julius Caesar."

For those limited by time or inclination to a single festival, Edinburgh provides a fairly rounded resume of all that is available elsewhere. It begins on August 19 with Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, offering thereafter the Glyndebourne production of "Cosi," a varied operatic repertory by the Hamburg State Opera. orchestral virtuosity by the Boston Symphony directed by Charles Munch and the skills of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. If any one is still listening, September brings festivals in Besançon, Venice, Berlin, and Perugia, for which not only a new article but a new audience is in order.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 668

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 668 will be found in the next issue.

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AIOM QMMK IH

AIKMBZ SCEQ

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 667

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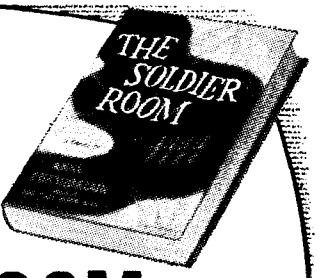

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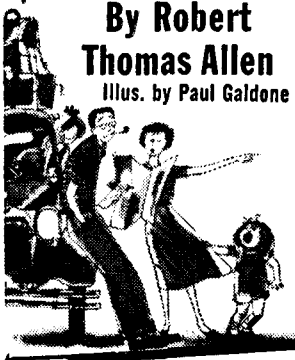

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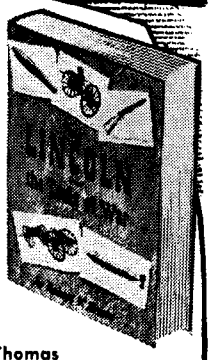

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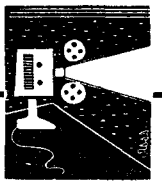

IDEAS ON FILM

Film and the Arts

THIS month the third annual American Film Assembly will be held in Chicago (Morrison Hotel, April 23-27), and once again the occasion features the showing of several hundred of the more interesting films released on 16mm in the past year. Awards will be given in about two dozen categories, and winning films will have a repeat showing.

It may also be of interest to some *SR* readers that at the same time and place the second annual meeting of the American Federation of Film Societies will be held. This will involve the group's own screenings (old films as well as new), a business meeting, election of officers, and social get-togethers. It is expected that representatives of several dozen film societies will attend. AFFS also announces the release this month of its first major publication. It is a ninety-six-page volume entitled **"Film Society Primer,"** containing twenty-three short articles about and for film societies. (The articles were selected and edited by this reviewer, with the immeasurable assistance of Mrs. Carolyn Henig.) All work on the book, except for printing costs, was done on a volunteer basis, in large part by AFFS members. Copies of the book are being sold to non-members at $1 each. Check or money order must accompany each order, and should be mailed to Mrs. Carolyn Henig, AFFS Publications Department, 110-42 69th Avenue, Forest Hills 75, New York.

PRE-COLUMBIAN MEXICAN ART (19 min.). This introduction to the folk art of Mexico covers a span of some 3,000 years; but fortunately, by giving careful attention to the details and mood of each individual item, the film becomes a moving observation of art history, rather than a chronological recitation. The soundtrack uses a minimum of wordage, and combines synthetic "musique concrète" (used for the Aztec period) with tuneful Mexican folksongs (for much of the rest of the film). The production was directed by Enrico Fulchignoni for UNESCO, and it turns out to be a most worthy contribution to the exchange of cultural ideas among nations. The film is available for rental and purchase from Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

MASKERAGE (10 min.). A timeless procession of masks from Africa and areas of the South Pacific is illumined and photographed in this unusual Dutch film by Max de Haas. The framework of a night-time tour through deserted museum halls provides an almost documentary introduction to the weird lighting effects and unusual camera movements that follow. The masks themselves are fascinating, and the film displays them with originality and emphasis. The film's "musique concrète" helps maintain its important rhythmic pace. Last, but not least, "Maskerage" is just the right length —anything more than one reel would have been more than enough. Available for rental and purchase from Rembrandt Films, 13 E. 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.

GOD'S MONKEY (13 min., color). In many ways this is an almost perfect film, limiting itself to one extraordinary work and coordinating all its force to enhance an understanding of it. The work is a triptych by Hieronymus Bosch, photographed in the small room where it was placed for the private contemplation of the Spanish King Philip II in about the year 1500. These detailed paintings show the blissful pleasures of Paradise, the lurid progression of worldly temptations, and the eternal damnation of Hell, and prove that man is, after all, God's monkey. The camera work of Dick Ham was sensitively directed here by the well-known photograhper Hoyningen-Huene; Raffaelo de Banfield composed the musical score, and Hugh Chisholm (who also produced the film) wrote its very fine narration. Two other films by this same team have been released, depicting the sights of Majorca and Toledo—but they nevertheless are little more than interesting tourist films. "God's Monkey" is a major accomplishment, a truly outstanding and compelling motion picture in both its content and its structure. Available for rental and purchase from Film Images, 1860 Broadway, New York 23, N.Y.

FLEMISH PAINTING 1440-1540 (10 min., color). What holds this film together is essentially an accidental series of facts that certain paintings which have relationships of geographical and chronological origin are owned by one museum. The museum in this case is the Detroit Institute of Arts, and the paintings a miscellaneous assembly of major and minor works by famous and lesser-known Flemish artists. These facts provide an excellent basis for *wanting* to make a film, but they do not provide a good enough basis for actually making it. Every film, if it is to structure and sharpen an audience's viewpoint, must structure and sharpen its own viewpoint. In this film the tools and techniques of the filmmaker are well used, but not his concepts and understanding. In its favor, the film has exceptionally interesting color, interesting pictorial details, and a wealth of factual and informational material. If it seems plodding and dull to you, it may help you to remember that these are not the essential elements of a good motion picture. This is one of a series of three films made by the Detroit Institute of Arts. Available for rental and purchase from Film Images, 1860 Broadway, New York 23, N.Y.

THE SEARCHING HEART: A MEDIEVAL LEGEND (20 min.). This is a delicate little film taking its story and pictures from "a medieval legend" recorded in an illuminated manuscript of the mid-1400s for the Duke of Anjou. It is based on a dream which the Duke professed to have had. In the story the young hero René dreams that he is accosted by two strangers, Love and Longing, who take his heart from him. His search to regain it is indeed the road to manhood, entailing a series of encounters with Jealousy, Melancholy, Despair, Sloth, Anger, Honor, and Loving Kindness, each one delightfully represented and dramatized. The entire presentation is enchanting, with charming music, delightful pictures, fine narration, and a gently advancing continuity. This film may not be everyone's dish of tea, but for me it was one of the most enjoyable treats of recent months. Available for rental and purchase from Film Images, 1860 Broadway, New York 23, N.Y.

THE TRAGIC PURSUIT OF PERFECTION (26 min.). This film is about Leonardo da Vinci, who has been the subject of at least two other recent 16mm releases. It differs from the others in that it has feeling, movement, and a most decided point of view. This latter quality is based on the ideas expressed in Antonina Vallentin's romantic biography of Leonardo, in which the great man's unfulfilled dreams and ambitions are seen to overshadow his many accomplishments. The concept, I suspect, is just about as unwieldy as the film title it has here given rise to; but it does give substance and weight to the film. As a result the film is never tedious—and the same cannot be said of the recent British and Italian films on da Vinci. Vercors and Rita Barisse supplied scenario and commentary for this film; direction was by Enrico Fulchignoni with the assistance of Solange Winter; music (more "musique concrète") was by Pierre Henry and Pierre Scheffer; and the production was undertaken by Theodora Olembert. You may not agree with the film, but I think you will agree that it is worth seeing. Available from Film Images, 1860 Broadway, New York 23, N.Y.

PICASSO (50 min., color). This is one of the more ambitious of the film biographies yet

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released, an almost full-length film using 477 of the artist's works (I did not count them, however), to trace Picasso's career from his "likeness" portrait paintings of 1896 to the distinctive styles by which he is now recognized. In itself this is a fascinating development; but the film has the added contributions of director Luciano Emmer, who keeps the images fresh and inviting, plus the always enjoyable opportunity to see the artist at work. The film falls short in its verbal statements which loudly (and at times quite dully) attempt to prove one point after another with annoying and unnecessary decisiveness. Even the Flamenco music by Roman Vlad does not have much of a chance to enliven the sound-track. But taking the good and the bad together, as we so often must do anyway, this is an extremely informative and provocative review of the work and personality of the most exceptional artist of our time, certainly the most photogenic, and very likely one of the outstanding men of art history. Available for rental (16mm or 35mm) from Contemporary Films, 13 E. 37th St., New York 16, N. Y.

FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE (17 min., color). Neither instructive nor personal, this British film shows the Cornish landscape, then introduces in the foreground the polished stone and wood sculptures of Barbara Hepworth. It also shows the British artist at work out of doors, and finally more sculpture pieces and more scenery. The pictures are absolutely beautiful; but, unfortunately, they are shown one after another in picture-postcard style, with little pacing and no apparent feeling. This is cold beauty, but I should add that it is still very much worth seeing. "Figures in a Landscape" was produced by the British Film Institute, and received a recognition of Merit Certificate at last year's American Film Assembly. Available for rental and purchase from Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

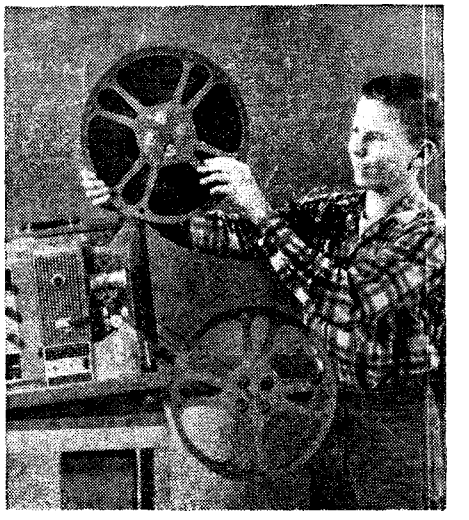
KARL KNATHS' CAPE COD (14 min., color). Some 35 paintings of Karl Knaths and the natural surroundings in which the artist chooses to live are used to show in rather bold cutting how in reality and on canvas the details of everyday life capture the artist's attention. The film is remarkably clear and implicit. The personality of the painter is well conveyed, and one sees the film with the feeling that painting is important work, after all. A rich and economical narration written by Michael Drury and read by Charles Summers is very much in keeping with the concepts expressed in Jack Calderwood's production and photography. A chamber-music score for cello, oboe, clarinet, and violin further distinguishes the film as an artistic effort to clarify the work of an artist. Only one fault stuck me—the occasionally bluish tone of some of the exteriors, which may have occurred in the camera or in the printing of the film. At any rate, it was for me a very fine introduction to Karl Knaths and his paintings, and it made me want to see more. Available from Docufilm Productions, 209 East 66th Street, New York 21, N.Y.

THE FACE OF LINCOLN (20 min.). This film, which won an Academy Award last month, is an almost incredible exercise in rapid sculpting and patter. The artist Merrell Gage begins cutting away on a large hunk of clay, and at the same time tells anecdotes about Lincoln the boy, the soldier, the candidate, and so forth. The artist is more facile in sculpturing than in storytelling—but the fact remains that doing the two simultaneously and at such speed is in itself an achievement (like doing a tap dance and eating an apple at the same time). Some developments in the creation of the portrait are quite fascinating—particularly the brusque manner in which Mr. Gage affixes the clay for Lincoln's ears and beard. This entire performance, I am told, is one that has been demonstrated in California classrooms for many years. The filming has condensed the actual demonstration to about one-third its real time. The film was produced, and is distributed for rental and purchase, by the University of Southern California, Audio-Visual Service, 3518 University Avenue, Los Angeles 7, California.

—CECILE STARR.

CORRECTION: "Assignment: Children," the Danny Kaye film made for UNICEF, is available for *rental* only from Association Films (347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.); information about the purchase of prints can be obtained from that organization. In our March 24 issue we stated incorrectly that the film was available free of charge.

SALESMEN



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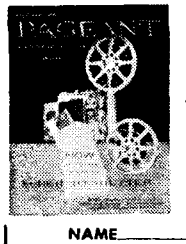

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Kodak

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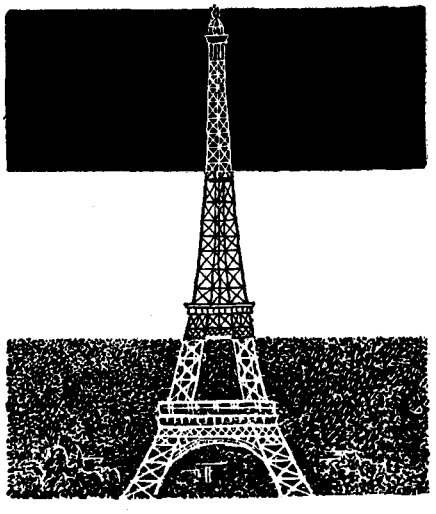
Fiction

Continued from page 23

cinema, who proves to be the stereotyped glossy young bounder. Meanwhile, the unhappy Melford has found solace with Phoebe Corcoran, daughter of the innkeeper in a neighboring town. This union proves only too fruitful, with Phoebe dying of an abortion. The theme of frustration echoes and re-echoes in the subplots of other disappointed and hopeless lovers in the town. The fact that Mr. Bates has put all his considerable narrative skill into the construction of this tedious story only makes the waste of talent the more regrettable. —MILTON CRANE.

FRENCH FAMILY ETCHED IN ACID: A character named Agnes Boussardel, a woman who is a member of an affluent French family, is the chief character of Philippe Hériat's new novel, **"The Spoiled Children"** (Putnam's, $3.95). But despite the misleading jacket blurb M. Hériat is primarily concerned with the acid pigments of the Boussardel tradition of wealth, with showing their clannish strength and isolation, and with portraying their unity against invasion by outsiders. As a woman of twenty-six Agnes after a two-year stay in California returns to the unloving, unloved family in Paris. With her she carries the secret of a love affair with a young American architect which had ended in mutual respect and no regrets. Shortly afterward she meets Xavier Boussardel, the godson of her Aunt Emma. The grim and conniving Aunt Emma embodies the virtues and the vices, the strength and the weakness which assure the family their promise of survival; Xavier, like Agnes, is a rebel who hates the Boussardel clan's hypocrisies, and when Agnes discovers that she is pregnant with the American's child it is to Xavier that she turns. He gladly marries her, but when the married pair announce the expectancy of a child Aunt Emma viciously informs Xavier that he had undergone an operation which had made him sterile when he was sick with tuberculosis in Switzerland as a boy. What follows is the violence of a tragedy rooted in anguish and disgust at the essential depravity of a family and its dominating evil spirit. Highly successful though M. Hériat is in his portrait of a family, he bafflingly fails to capture the reader's sympathy or compassion for Agnes, who emerges as a cold, neurotic woman given to excesses of emotion—which may possibly be M. Hériat's intention. —ROSE C. FELD.



COMING OF AGE IN OKLAHOMA: In his first novel, **"Generations of Men"** (Little, Brown, $4), besides unloading the customary emotional baggage of youthful frustration, John Clinton Hunt does for the prairie country of northern Oklahoma what Thomas Hardy did for Wessex, the necessary allowances for time and place being made. His book owes something at second hand to the brooding Proust, to the tortuous James, and to the introspective Samuel Butler. Its subject matter consists of a couple of stout jiggers of Freud cut with the branch water of Warwick Deeping: a son tries to rediscover his suicide father, succeeds completely and tragically, salvages the situation by ritual reduction of life to elemental terms.

The Chetopa Indians of Oklahoma get in the act and come close to making of the novel that most ephemeral of all literary efforts, a sociological treatise. The book is saved, however, by Mr. Hunt's skill in diminishing almost to a symbolic subplot the ethnological data that really belonged in a Smithsonian monograph rather than a work of art.

The prose is self-consciously musical, with relative pronouns, for example, often used more for prosodic than verbal functions. If anyone can imagine an Oklahoma Thoreau whose mother was a Sasson, Mr. Hunt is it. His descriptions of quail shooting, the baying of dogs chasing foxes, and the dance of an aged prairie chicken are classical in restraint. The reader exclusively devoted to the consumption of best-selling novels might object to Mr. Hunt's work that it never shows an obsession with the problems of the flesh, but the discriminating reader will regret only that Mr. Hunt is never short of breath.

This is a first novel of solemn grace and considerable merit though it promises nothing for the future. The thin vein here has been competently worked yet seems to lead nowhere.

—JOHN COOK WYLLIE.

As I Remember Him

Continued from page 18

we don't know why—any more than we know when they succeed.

I should mention, also, how I sat one evening in the small living-room of Einstein's rented cottage and listened to him play Mozart's violin sonatas. He played as he lived, quietly and serenely, with the precision of his mathematical formulas. I had labored earnestly at the violin myself, but too late; when he invited me to play I knew better than to accept. I told him I would write books for him, and he called that a fair division of labor. He knew, of course, that I couldn't understand *his* books.

He was appointed a life member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and moved there. In 1935 I took two lecture tours, motoring twice across the continent and back, and I took my son, a budding physicist, to visit the great master in his new place of work. It was odd to think of research into the secrets of the atom being carried on in architectural surroundings from the Gothic long ago; but Einstein assured us he was comfortable and happy there. I knew Princeton well, having lived for three years in the neighborhood, and used the University's fine Civil War collection for my novel "Manassas." I knew the atmosphere of social elegance, and I was not surprised to learn that it hadn't changed a particle in thirty-two years. A student of the senior class had been appointed to debate with me, and I assured him that he had exactly the same ideas as a student with whom I had walked and discussed the world's problems in the year 1903. The audience was small; but Einstein sat in the front row, and I was well content.

That was the last time I saw him; thereafter our friendship was continued by mail for almost twenty years. In the course of time I received another jingle from him—he had a propensity for writing them. A pacifist lady, Rosika Schwimmer, worked up a little fuss with me over a story I had told in the book "William Fox," to the effect that she had come to him with a proposal to finance a "peace ship" to Europe, and he had declined. Rosika claimed that the story was false, and employed a lawyer to demand that I should state in the next edition of the book that it was false. I was perfectly willing to say that she denied it, but how could I say it was false when it was a square issue of veracity between two persons, and I had no other evidence? Rosika sued me for libel—the only time that has

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ever happened to me. Obviously it was no libel, for she had made the same appeal to Henry Ford, and with success that all the world knew. She carried the case to the Supreme Court of New York State and lost all the way. Also she carried it to Albert Einstein, and he, friend to all pacifists, wrote me some verses, mildly suggesting that I should take on more weighty foes. I replied with another set of verses, pointing out that I had taken on the Francos and the Hitlers.

I sent him my books, and he found time to read them and write me about many. He was pleased with the "Lanny Budd" books, which began in 1940; I have an idea that his praise of the third volume, "Dragon's Teeth," may have had something to do with the awarding of the Pulitzer Prize. His letters are in storage and I do not have access to them all, but I have, in a circular, what he wrote about Volume Five:

> I thank you from all my heart for your last book, "Presidential Agent." I am convinced that you are doing very important and valuable work in giving to the American public a vivid insight into the psychological and economical background of the tragedy evolving in our generation. Only a real artist can accomplish this. I am convinced that you have influenced political thought more effectively than nearly all of the politicians on the stage.

On a previous occasion, just after I had been defeated in 1934's election for Governor of California, he had sent me another, similar note.

> My son, when he was about five years old, attempted to split wood with my razor. You can be sure that it was less bad for the wood than the razor.
>
> I remembered that story when I heard from you that you had got yourself into this rude business. As I read that this cup had passed from you, I rejoiced, even though it had not gone exactly according to your wish.
>
> In economic affairs the logic of facts will work itself out somewhat slowly. You have contributed more than any other person. The direct action you can with good conscience turn over to men with tougher hands and nerves.

On letters like these I could keep going spiritually for a year.

But then came the end of the war, and the dreadful discovery that the Soviet Union, our ally of three years, was an ally no longer, but a deadly and treacherous foe, pledged with fanatical hatred to the destruction of our democratic freedom. I know that

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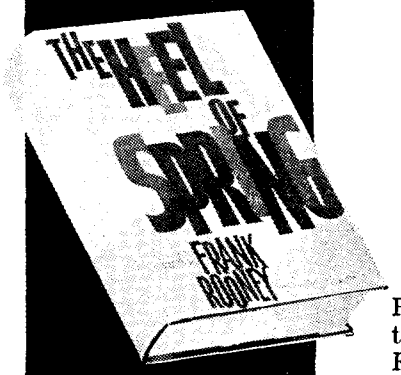

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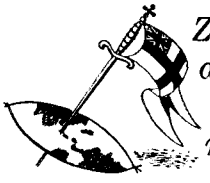

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Einstein was no pacifist during the war; but he chose to take that position in the Cold War, and to disregard the fact that he was repeating all the slogans which the Communists had chosen for their propaganda I waited a long time before I protested, for I hoped that time would open his eyes to the infinitude of Communist Party falsehood. When at last I did protest it was with all the gentleness and tact I could command; I felt toward him as a beloved brother. His replies were long and detailed, and yielded on no point. I wrote two or three times more; apparently he found it easier to write in German in his later years, and his arguments were as involved as the German language. I saw that I was getting nowhere, and gave up.

WE had recently an exchange of letters on the subject of the "red shift," a problem of astronomers which is perhaps the most important to them. Investigations with the spectograph seem to indicate that the universe is flying apart, every heavenly body moving away from all other heavenly bodies at speeds beyond comprehension. It is supposed to be the result of a universal explosion, some four to six billion years ago. But to my mind this difficulty intrudes; in the universal explosion there must have been masses of matter immediately in front of our little solar mass, and other masses immediately behind us; these masses would now be in the same line of flight and moving at the same speed as ourselves, and so there should be some spot in the starry heavens where the visible bodies do not show the red shift, caused by excess of speed.

I asked enlightenment on this point from a leading astronomer, and he gave me an explanation which I could not follow. I asked an eminent all-round scientist, with the same result.

Rhyme for April

By Robert Gordon

HENRY JAMES, on trips to Boston,
Missed tradition to be lost in—
A lamentable lack, it's true,
And felt by T. S. Eliot too.
Both cast their fortunes *outre-mer*
To seek what they were wanting there,
Henry in the social flurry,
Thomas Stearns in Canterbury.
Uprooted thus from native sod,
Both found Art, and one found God.

So I appealed to Einstein, and that dear kind man took the time to dictate a letter of several pages, explaining the laws of celestial motion and the speed of light. Unfortunately, he relied upon my knowledge of German, and used technical terms which I should have difficulty in understanding even in English. I tried my best, but have to leave the problem to better educated generations.

I sent my young friend—he is, or was, six months younger than myself—a copy of my fantastic little story called "What Didymus Did." So far it has frightened American publishers, but has had success in England. I sent a copy to Einstein, and he replied, calling it a "gripping book," and concluding his thanks with the statement: "Also, it has rejoiced me that you have sought the cause of evil, not in a particular group or world-outlook but in the nature of man itself. One must already be tolerably old before this becomes clear to one." It occurs to me that in this statement we have the explanation of his pacifist attitude toward the present Cold War. He brought himself to believe that man everywhere was the same, including man under the hammer and sickle, and that man's best chance of survival lay not in reforming his evil institutions, but in reforming his own heart. It is a familiar religious idea.

We were old together, seventy-six; and in another letter he described himself as *baufaellig,* which means dilapidated. I wrote anxiously to ask what was wrong, and he replied that it was anemia. In reply I told him about a heart attack my wife had sustained, and the remarkable recovery she was making on the rice diet, as developed and recommended by the Kempner Foundation at Duke University. I asked Dr. Kempner to send him one of their pamphlets, and then I waited, but heard no more—until one morning a voice over the radio told me that my great and beloved friend was dead.

Recently I published in a magazine a poem which began:

Dear mother earth, I'm packing up to leave you,
Taking my thoughts to go I know not where . . .

I can get along very well without knowing about the red shift in the spectrum of the stars; but I would surely like to know what has become of the great and beloved mind of Albert Einstein, and whether it waits somewhere in the spirit world, to put an arm around my shoulders and say, "Copernicus, this is my friend Upton Sinclair."

An Hour with A. E.

Continued from page 16

emphatically of the view that scientists should have nothing to do with the production of atom bombs. When I mentioned that in a radio symposium in New Delhi a British scientist had argued that scientists could not be held responsible for the eventual use of their discoveries and inventions, he observed that scientists were, after all, citizens and had moral obligations. To the contention that if one side did not carry on necessary experiments and did not manufacture such weapons, the other side would do so and have a lead, he simply said, "That was not how your Gandhi looked at such a problem."

When I told Einstein that we were looking forward to that day when we were to see "a great man" he protested gently, "But I am not a great man!"

Whereupon I said: "A great man, sir, is never great if he thinks himself great. It is because he thinks he is not great that he is truly great. Our Gandhi never thought that he was great. He used to say quite sincerely that he was like any other human being: what he did anyone else could do. Indeed, that is why he first practised his principles upon himself before asking others to do so."

"Don't please compare me to Gandhi," softly said the savant: "Gandhi did so much for humanity. What have I done? It is true I have discovered some scientific formulas but so have many other scientists. There is nothing very unusual in that!" There was in this no ostentatious simplicity, not the slightest tinge of pretension. It showed the innate humility of a noble soul, humility which enriched a dedicated life. And when he died there was no big funeral and no oration. He passed away as silently and unobtrusively as he had lived.

Throughout the interview Einstein was most informal and cheerful, even jolly at times. He chuckled over his own witticisms and laughed heartily at one or two of mine. It was a brief but unforgettable hour. I wished the principle of relativity could somehow have made it longer even while not wasting the eminent scientist's time! Twice since then I was privileged to receive kind and appreciative letters from him which I deeply treasure.

When on April 18 the radio announced that Einstein had died early that morning in his sleep the world seemed poorer. I am not competent to speak of his unique contribution to science or how he changed our very conception of the universe. He was

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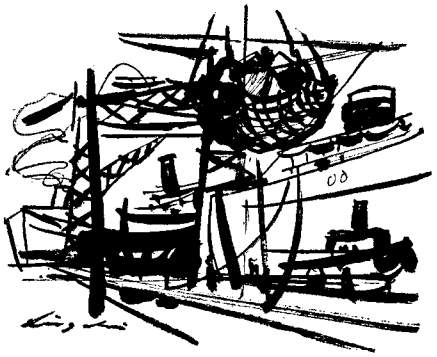

recognized as a scientific genius without peer in our times. He was revered as much for his great humanity and for his fearless search for truth as for his amazing scientific achievements. Einstein had a spirituality that had nothing to do with rituals or scriptures. He looked into the mystery of space and time, he grappled with problems of mass and energy, he gazed at the wonders of the stars and the suns but he never lost his kinship with his fellowmen for whom he had deep love and compassion. He stood uncompromisingly for the freedom of the mind and detested tyranny and injustice wherever they prevailed.

As I pictured Einstein's pensive, benevolent face, his white dishevelled hair, his cheerful smile, I said to myself, shame—that such a man should ever die! But even an immortal genius is cased in mortal frame. He who sought to measure Time became one with Eternity.

Abandoned Orchard

By Eric Barker

THROUGH fruitless years
The pocked and dying trees
Gather green memories
Like old men in the sun—
Barrenness back to plenty;
Skies that were mists
Of their own blooming;
Apples grown red in the cheeks;
Heavy and swollen in the pause of time
Ripeness hung golden
As the last of leaves
Lovelier for dying, brightest before they fall.
Bereft of bird song, at the end of shade,
They keep their old directions in the sun,
Feeling through naked twigs to buds and leaves,
Tapping green rivers through remembering veins,
Hugging the warmth of past meridians
For comfort in their cold and winter age.

Who will help Maria?

Maria is 4½. Her sister Efstathis is 7. They live with their mother. With her husband and older child, she was forced to evacuate her native Greek village during the rebel war, only to lose her husband when the war was over. Home is a one-room hut, unplastered. The windows are covered with zinc. The floor . . . a few wooden planks. The bed . . . a set of boards on a tripod. There are no facilities. Water is carried from the public fountain. The rudimentary kitchen . . . a few branches on which meals are cooked, when there is food. Income is $5.95 per month when the mother works as a field hand. She is torn with anguish that she is unable to provide adequate food, clothing and shelter. Maria cannot smile. Her eyes tell the story of her wretchedness. Help to Maria and her family means hope instead of despair, a chance to live, a bulwark against destructive ideologies. Won't you help her and her weary mother, or other distressed children . . . many without one or both parents? They can only look to you.

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Small Man vs. Success

Continued from page 15

members of the boards of directors. Some of these feel that the small stockholder should have special representation on boards of directors, a director who could sit on the board with no interest in mind but that of the small stockholder, and answerable only to him. Those who advance this idea point to the negotiating strength of the craftsman. When it is suggested that the small holder's interests parallel those of all stockholders they point out that some of the larger stockholders are involved in the business and share its earnings in other ways.

When these opinions are added up and considered it is apparent that the small stockholder is uncertain about his place in the elaborate structure which is business today. He seems to be begging for leadership. If that leadership comes from outside the framework of the companies in which he has invested his money it could raise new problems for management.

When the half century of stupendous accomplishment by American business is totaled it becomes clear that of all three factors, management, the craftsman, and the small stockholder, the craftsman—through his solidarity and through the many consultants he has at his command—is in the best position to take care of his own interests. Without the confidence and support of the small stockholder management can be badly hurt up to and including the loss of its job. This is the real threat to business, because small stockholder uncertainty, including his unfamiliarity with sound business procedure, leaves the door wide open for misleading ballyhoo on the part of charlatans looking to exploit big business, or to politicians who might see some gain in the dollars and jobs they might have at their disposal through the domination of some of our big businesses.

IF out of all the suggestions which have been tabulated here for the consolidation of sound management on its job I had to select the one which could be most helpful, it seems to me that the cultivation of small stockholder representation on boards of directors offers the greatest real gain for our large enterprises. This is the closest management can come to persuading the people of the country to help preserve the structure of business from political interference. The people have more votes than anybody.

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Spring Poll

Continued from page 21

parts of Britain in the Thirties, where everybody lived on credit and tried to look happy about it. (Yeiser.)

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JEAN SANTEUIL. *By Marcel Proust. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Simon & Schuster.* $5.95.
Being the first English translation of an early—and somewhat youthful and until recently unknown—novel by the author of "Remembrance of Things Past." (Yeiser.)

LUCY CROWN. *By Irwin Shaw. Random House.* $3.95.
The effects of the infidelities of a felinely beautiful matron on her estranged husband and young son. (Little.)

THE MIRACLE OF MERRIFORD. *By Reginald Arkell. Reynal.* $2.95.
Some ready-mix about Yanks in Britain and, among other things, of how they warmed the heart of a village vicar. (Rothermel.)

THE PRESENCE OF GRACE. *By J. F. Powers. Doubleday.* $2.95.
A collection of short stories by a writer who is much concerned with the pettiness and vulgarity of a mechanical civilization. (Wyllie.)

THE RETURN OF THE KING. *By J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.
Being Volume IV of Professor Tolkien's lengthy—and highly curious—allegorical history of "The Third Age of Middle Earth." (McAlister.)

THE REVOLT OF GUNNER ASCH. *By Hans Helmut Kirst. Translated by Robert Kee. Little, Brown.* $3.95.
Some fictionalized stuff which deals with non-com life in the pre-World War II German Army and which has, rightly or wrongly, been compared to "Good Soldier Schwejk." (Flowers.)

ROLL BACK THE SKY. *By Ward Taylor. Henry Holt.* $3.95.
The war novels are still appearing, and this one tells of a bomber crew based on Saipan and of their experiences of combat fatigue, hysteria, and various other wartime phenomena. (Snajdr.)

THE SCARLET CORD. *By Frank G. Slaughter. Doubleday.* $3.95.
A fictionalized account of the doings of one Rahab, the harlot of Jericho, and of her relations with Joshua, who marched around Jericho—all told by a popular novelist who has thus far succeeded in fictionalizing a large portion of the Bible. (Flowers.)

SIGNORINA. *By Henry Myers. Crown Publishers.* $3.95.
A fictional biography of a Spanish diva named Maria Malibran who became the shining operatic light of the early nineteenth century; of her loves and other interesting personal affairs. (Barkham.)

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING. *By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.50.
This new novel by one of the better younger British writers deals with the life and loves of a likable hypocrite in Aberdacy, Wales. (Emmart.)

WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY. *By Borden Deal. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
Mr. Deal's novel deals with a poor Southern white who has been conceived by way of Thomas Wolfe out of Flannery O'Connor, but the novel is not without force. (Wyllie.)

YOUR OWN BELOVED SONS. *By Thomas Anderson. Random House.* $3.50.
The story of a single incident in the Korean War by a young writer of great promise. (Wyllie.)

General

EIGHTEEN VOTES

THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN. A History of the English Speaking Peoples: *By Sir Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead.* $6.
The opening gun of a projected four-volume history of the English-speaking world by a well-known speaker of English. (Babcock, Bond, Bradley, Cady, Dolbier, Douglas, Hass, Herzberg, Hormel, McAlister, McManis, Molyneaux, O'Neill, Rothermel, John K. Sherman, Smith, Snajdr, Wyllie.)

EIGHT VOTES

YEARS OF TRIAL AND HOPE. *By Harry S. Truman, Doubleday.* $5.
The second volume of the former President's memoirs, carries the story from 1946 through 1952. (Cross, Douglas, Hormel, McAlister,

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1. "Troilus and Cressida." 2. "The Taming of the Shrew." 3. "As You Like It," Act 1, Scene 2. 4. "King Henry VIII." 5. "The Comedy of Errors," Act III, Scene 2, 6. "The Winter's Tale," Act IV, Scene 3. 7. "Two Gentlemen of Verona." 8. "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. 9. "Titus Andronicus," Act V, Scene 1. 10. "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," Act IV, Scenes 2 and 5. 11. "King Henry V," Act I, Scene 2. 12. "Second Part of Henry IV." 13. "Timon of Athens," Act III, Scene 6. 14. "Measure for Measure." 15. "Merry Wives of Windsor."

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O'Neill, Rothermel, Thomas B. Sherman, Tinkle.)

FIVE VOTES

THE POWER ELITE. *By C. Wright Mills. Oxford University Press.* $6.
Professor Mills has divided the country's elite into these types: the Celebrities, the Politicians, the Military, the Corporation Executives, and the Big Rich; and he has made a substantial analysis of their habits and their influences in an attempt to clear up the sociology of the U.S. today. (Barkham, Cross, Dolbier, Hass, Herzberg.)

FOUR VOTES

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE UNION. *By Samuel Flagg Bemis. Alfred A. Knopf.* $8.75.
A volume completing the monumental biography of the man who crowned a notable career as diplomat, Secretary of State, and sixth President with seventeen years' service in the House as champion for anti-slavery and the Federal Union. (North, O'Neill, John K. Sherman, Tinkle.)

RED, BLACK, BLOND AND OLIVE. *By Edmund Wilson. Oxford University Press.* $6.75.
Having finished with the Dead Sea scrolls, the *New Yorker* writer and critic now wraps up into one book his impressions of various interesting cultures which he has observed on his travels to Israel, Haiti, Soviet Russia, and our own New Mexico. (Hass, Herzberg, O'Neill, Tinkle.)

OLYMPIO: The Life of Victor Hugo. *By André Maurois. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Harper.* $5.95.
M. Maurois, whose biography of George Sand was published in 1953 under the title of "Lelia," has now turned to the man who, as poet, novelist, and statesman, typified the Romantic Age of France. (Babcock, Dolbier, Flowers, Kogan.)

THREE VOTES

EISENHOWER THE PRESIDENT. *By Merlo J. Pusey. Macmillan.* $3.75.
A former Pulitzer Prize-winner's attempt to appraise the record of the present Administration. The author is now an editorial writer for *The Washington Post.* (Babcock, Barkham, Cross.)

HELEN KELLER: Sketch for a Portrait. *By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton.* $3.
An appreciation by a close friend and admirer. (Hormel, North, Rothermel.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT. *By Eugene O'Neill. Yale University Press.* $3.75.
The late American playwright's last-published drama, which has thus far been produced only in Stockholm. (Herzberg, Hogan, O'Neill.)

TWO VOTES

GRAY FOX. *By Burke Davis. Rinehart.* $6.
A new one-volume life of Robert E. Lee which tries to separate the man from the myth. (Cady, Kogan.)

AN HISTORIAN'S APPROACH TO RELIGION. *By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford University Press.* $5.
In working on his monumental "A Study of History" Professor Toynbee found that the subject of religion was at the center of his picture of human affairs, and in this new volume he has written a substantial analysis of twentieth-century Western attitudes toward that central subject. (Bradley, Hormel.)

MINORITY REPORT: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks. *Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.95.
Some last brickbats from the Sage of Balti-

THE twenty-nine critics who participated in *SR*'s eighth annual spring book poll are:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
OLIVE DEANE HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
DURWOOD MCALISTER, *Atlanta Journal*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEAUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
STERLING NORTH, North Weekly Book Service
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
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more, these dealing with (or more accurately, against) organized religion, professional philosophers, and other modern phenomena. (Barkham, Flowers.)

PROFILES IN COURAGE. *By John F. Kennedy. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
Collection of sketches of U.S. public men who faced up to the question: does an office-holder owe his duty to the will of the people or to his own conscience? (McAlister, Thomas B. Sherman.)

THOREAU OF WALDEN. *By Henry Beetle Hough. Simon & Schuster.* $4.
A new attempt to write down the life of the nineteenth-century iconoclast, this one being better at describing the outward circumstances of the man than it is at penetrating his motives or at defining his place in history. (Babcock. Bradley.)

TOSCANINI, AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT. *By Samuel Chotzinoff. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A record of thirty years' acquaintance with the Maestro. (Herzberg, Molyneaux.)

WHAT I THINK. *By Adlai E. Stevenson. Harper.* $3.
The potential Democratic Presidential candidate discusses political ethics, U.S. foreign policy, freedom and conformity, public power and conservation, security and loyalty, and other interesting issues which are likely to come up in the 1956 campaign. (Dolbier, Douglas.)

ONE VOTE

AFFAIRS OF STATE: The Eisenhower Years. *By Richard Rovere. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4.50.
The Eisenhower Administration, its personalities and its policies, as set down by a *New Yorker* writer. (Kogan.)

AMBROSE BIERCE AND THE BLACK HILLS. *By Paul Fatout. University of Oklahoma Press.* $3.50.
In May 1879 the widely-known Civil War writer Ambrose Bierce dropped out of public sight for almost two years. Until now nobody has been sure exactly what Bierce was doing during that time, but now Professor Fatout has discovered that the writer had gone gold-mining in the Black Hills, and so he has written a book to tell about it all. (Smith.)

AMERICA, I LIKE YOU. *By P. G. Wodehouse. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
The creator of "Jeeves," having settled on our shores some years ago, has set down his impressions of America, ranging from observations on a raw-egg-eating champion of Canada to advice on buying second-hand bridges to suitable comments on the mentality or lack of mentality of heroines who are to be found in American mystery novels. (Flowers.)

AMERICANS BY CHOICE. *By Angelo M. Pellegrini. Macmillan.* $3.50.
A gallery of portraits of Italians who have adopted the Pacific Coast as their home. (Hogan).

THE ATLANTIC BATTLE WON. *By Samuel E. Morison. Little, Brown.* $6.
The tenth volume in the "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II" tells of the offensive that led to our ultimate victory over Nazi Germany. (McAlister.)

AYORAMA. *By Raymond de Coccola and Paul King. Oxford University Press.* $4.50.
The sociological observations of a priest who lived among the Krangmalit Eskimos in Canada for twelve years. (Hogan.)

A BAR OF SHADOW. *By Laurens Van Der Post. William Morrow.* $1.95.
A short and emotional study of a Japanese third-class sergeant who commanded a POW camp during the late holocaust. (Wyllie.)

BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS. *By Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.
The memories of a girl's growing up in a remote corner of New Mexico some three decades ago. (North.)

BUGLES AND A TIGER. *By John Masters. Viking Press.* $3.95.
All about a British soldier's life in India before World War II as told by a one-time British soldier who is now a well-known novelist. (Molyneaux.)

THE BURIED PEOPLE: The Etruscan World. *By Sibylle Von Cles-Reden. Translated by Hon. C. M. Woodhouse. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $7.50.
An attempt to tell the whole story of an ancient people, the Etruscans, who have long been dead and buried but who contributed much to the worlds of painting, sculpture, architecture, and other important arts. (McManis.)

THE CROWNING PRIVILEGE. *By Robert Graves. Doubleday.* $4.
A well-known poet dismembers some demigods of his particular art (from Milton to Dylan Thomas) and, in doing so has a few things to say about artistic integrity as it applies to that art. (Emmart.)

DEAR MAD'M. *By Stella Patterson. W. W. Norton.* $3.50.
Some pleasantry about an octogenarian lady who decided to spend her declining years in the mining regions of northern California, where she found herself involved with mules, cougars, and a girl who depended on Roget's "Thesaurus" and Emily Post's "Etiquette" for a self-education. (Smith.)

DR. KATE: ANGEL ON HORSESHOES. *By Adele Comandini. Rinehart.* $3.75.
Not so long ago one Kate Pelham Newcomb M.D. appeared on the TV program "This Is Your Life," where her career as a backwoods doctor was played back to her. Now writer Adele Comandini plays back an enlargement of this biography in book form. (Snajdr.)

THE FABULOUS FUTURE: America In 1980. *By the Editors of* Fortune. *E. P. Dutton.* $3.50.
Or the nation in twenty-five years as envisioned by eleven prominent men, including RCA Chairman David Sarnoff, AFL-CIO President George Meany, Du Pont President Crawford H. Greenawalt, and others. (North.)

THE FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE. *By Orville Prescott. Random House.* $3.50.
The autobiography and the literary credo of the widely read *New York Times* book reviewer. (Douglas.)

FOLLOW THE WHALE. *By Ivan T. Sanderson. Little, Brown. $6.*
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JOURNEY DOWN A RAINBOW. *By J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A picture of the oldest and newest patterns of American life as they were observed in the Southwest—Texas and Arizona-New Mexico—by a British husband and wife. (Little.)

A JOURNEY TO GREATNESS. *By David Ewen. Henry Holt.* $5.
Mr. Ewen, who was an old friend of George Gershwin's, has delved into diaries and scrapbooks, hunted up old Gershwin friends and relatives, and amassed a bookful of material. (Flowers.)

LIVING LIKE A LORD. *By Lord Kilbracken. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.
At thirty-four one John Godley VI of Killegar, whose title is Lord Kilbracken, has managed to get himself through Eton and Balliol, into several crowd shots in Hollywood movies, and, of course, to the Coronation—all of which he has now set down for the public at large. (North.)

THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE BOAT. *By William J. Keating. Harper.* $3.95.
The man who first called attention to the series of illegal wire-tappings in New York in 1955 here tells of this and other interesting experiences he has had as a lawyer who has long had his eye on the New York crime scene. (Herzberg.)

THE MOUNTAINS OF PHARAOH. *By Leonard Cottrell. Rinehart.* $5.
The whole archeological lore of Egypt, as recorded by the author of "The Lost Pharaohs." (John K. Sherman.)

NIXON. *By Ralph de Toledano. Henry Holt.* $3.
An "unauthorized" biography of the Vice President of the United States. (Cady.)

THE NUN'S STORY. *By Kathryn Hulme. Little, Brown.* $4.
A record of the inner struggles of a Belgian nun who, as a nurse, has found herself taking care of former Nazis and other interesting patients. (Bond.)

O LOVELY ENGLAND. *By Walter de la Mare. Viking Press.* $3.
A collection of some new and some old poems by a well-known English versifier, the prevailing mood of these being one of melancholy. (Hass.)

R. D. BLACKMORE, AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE." *By Waldo Hilary Dunn. Longmans, Green.* $5.50.
A labor-of-love biography of that English gentleman who wrote one of the more saccharine romances of the nineteenth century, "Lorna Doone," and who, to make his life more complete, was acquainted with such eminent Victorians as Robert Browning, George Meredith, and others. (Smith.)

RING LARDNER. *By Donald Elder. Doubleday.* $5.50.
Mr. Elder has tried to do for his old friend Ring Lardner what Arthur Mizener did for another old Lardner friend, F. Scott Fitzgerald, in "The Far Side of Paradise." (Babcock.)

THE SECRET OF THE HITTITES. *By C. W. Ceram. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
A new popularization of archeological research, by the author of "Gods, Graves, and Scholars," tells of recent investigations into the civilization of a long-forgotten state in fourteenth-century B. C. Asia Minor. (McManis.)

STUDIES IN HUMAN TIME. *By Georges Poulet. Translated by Elliott Coleman. Johns Hopkins Press.* $5.
A scholarly Frenchman's study of the past, the present, and the future of Western literature, as exemplified by Montaigne, Molèire, Rousseau (and Melville, Whitman, and T. S. Eliot) and other noted writers. A winner of the *Prix Sainte-Beuve* in France. (Emmart.)

THROUGH THESE MEN: Some Aspects of Our Passing History. *By John Mason Brown. Harper. Probable Price,* $4.
Mr. Brown has obligingly set down some character sketches of President Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson impartially; also ex-President Truman and Walter Lippmann, Justice Frankfurter and Senator Lodge, in an effort to depict our times. (Bond.)

TRANSFORMATION OF MAN. *By Lewis Mumford. Harper.* $3.50.
The author of "Technics and Civilization" is still convinced that man can develop his highest human potentialities by means of his technological as well as his spiritual resources. (Flowers.)

WINGLESS VICTORY. *By Frances Winwar. Harper & Bros.* $5.
A biography of the Italian poet, playwright, novelist, and political adventurer D'Annunzio, whose eventful amatory career crossed the fabulous Eleanora Duse's. (Tinkle.)

WORLD WITHOUT BARRIERS. *By Emanuel R. Posnack. William Morrow.* $5.
A substantial analysis of both capitalism and Communism as they exist today, all done from the author's hopeful viewpoint that peace is still possible. (North.)

The Triumph of Death

(Painted by Pieter Bruegel about 1560)

By David Borden

ONLY the horizon fire is bright, outside
Where wind wanders through smoke riggings of a burning ship
Flame-signalling the fever of our last escape
Devoured: so turned, one seeks the source of light,
The vertical eye goes reeling down among dead ferns.

Nothing is more like life or death-in-life
Than the poet kneeling on that hill
Caught nearest light and life at the moment of disaster,
Disinterested in the magnificent slaughter; here is
The central figure who ran back into life almost;

And he is true, true if not immortal. Frightened
Because he saw no imminent birth, no rest, no peace,
No god such as Earth and stars had imaged to him,
He fled out of our time four hundred backward years
Into the early fountain of an art;

And then fled out again, too late, running awake
Through dead ferns, aware: as Crane swimming from an octopus,
As Lawrence rising, staggering to the thundering cliff;
Death does not come to us: we go to him.

Time for Hope

Continued from page 32

humanitarian action it will welcome the almost fabulous support of its own science of man and will strengthen itself and play an important part in a better world for everyone." Joseph Wood Krutch writes of a better world, "The day will come when science will establish ethics and even esthetics on a sound scientific basis. We shall then know what is Good and what is Beautiful as surely as we now know the formula for water."

To all these ideas and sentiments *SR* says Amen! —H. S.

Anisfield-Wolf Awards

THE Anisfield-Wolf Award Committee shares in a special way the loss to the wide literary world occasioned by the death of Miss Amy Loveman. Miss Loveman had been a most constructive and congenial member of the Committee for a number of years. She will be greatly missed.

The Committee is very fortunate in having secured to fill the vacancy Miss Lillian Smith, whose qualifications and achievements are too well known to need recounting here. Since it was too late to ask Miss Smith to pass upon the 1955 offering, Mr. Montagu and Mr. Fairchild were compelled to make last year's decisions unaided.

Every year the Anisfield-Wolf Committee consider a voluminous stream of books describing, and deploring, unhappy race relations in various parts of the world. Once in a while a book appears suggesting what ought to be done about the situation, and even more rarely a volume relating what actually has been done in some particular area. This year the books selected as being specially worthy of recognition were of these two types. They are "A Manual of Intergroup Relations," by John P. Dean and Alex Rosen (The University of Chicago Press), and "They Wait in Darkness," by George W. Shepherd, Jr. (The John Day Company).

The Anisfield-Wolf Award Committee cordially welcomes suggestions from publishers as to books which they think will fall within the very wide scope of "race relations" covered by the Awards. Ordinarily, two prizes of $1,000 each are given, as in the foregoing cases, but the Committee has wide latitude. Instructions about submitting books may be secured by writing to H. P. Fairchild, 100 Washington Square East, New York 3, New York.

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

PERSONALS

Do you know how to use the POWER OF WORDS in business—writing—personal relations? Stuart Chase, famous economist and author of the best-selling "Power of Words" will tell you how, Thursday, April 26th, Carnegie Endowment Center, 345 East 46 St., 8:30 P.M. Refreshments. Tickets $3. NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR GENERAL SEMANTICS.

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PERSONALS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1151

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

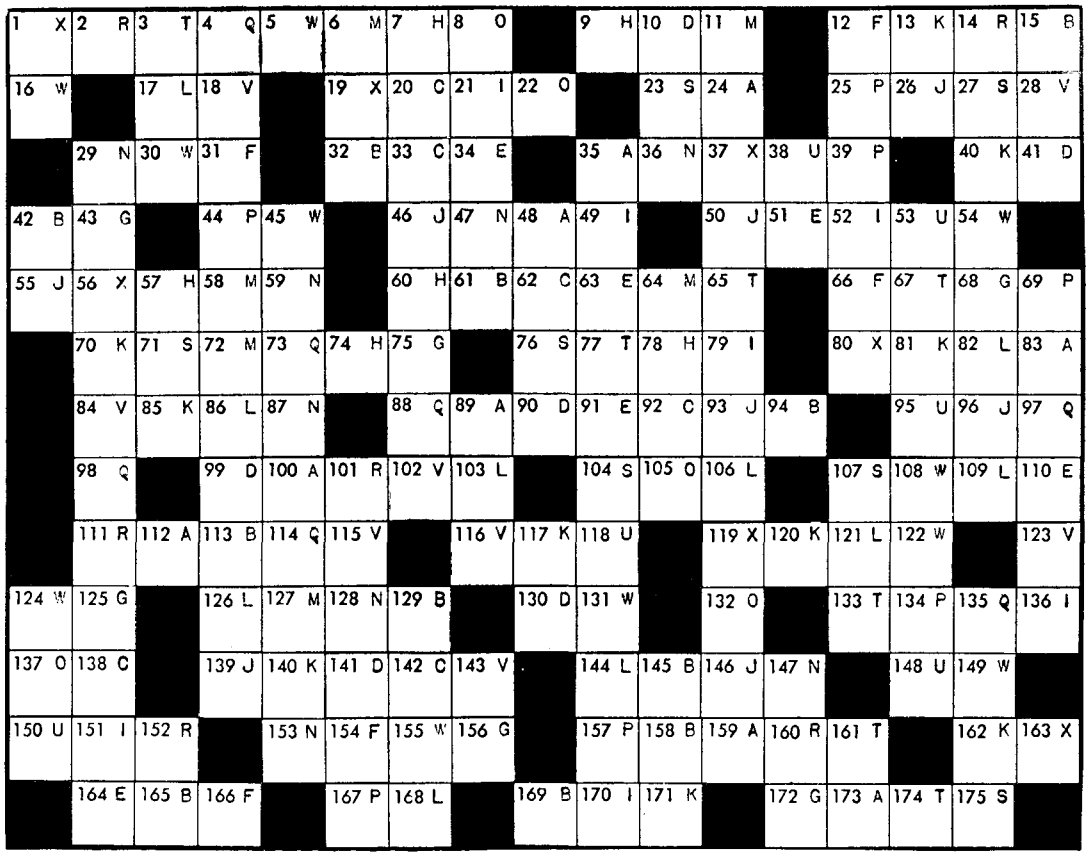
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Combination of colors, as of certain dogs, black patches on white, etc.	100 112 159 83 89 35 48 173 24
B. A defect of vision commonly caused by irregular conformation of cornea.	61 129 169 165 94 113 158 32 145 15 42
C. Choice between two "fair charmers" (Beggar's Opera).	138 92 62 33 20 142
D. Not at all.	10 130 99 41 90 141
E. Preconceive or prefigure.	63 164 34 51 91 110
F. Champion dancer, contemporary.	12 154 66 166 31
G. Solemn, inflexible, harsh.	75 43 172 68 136 125
H. A social or political class or rank.	60 78 57 9 74 7
I. A certain powerful wind of Texas, Gulf of Mexico, western Caribbean.	136 151 49 79 170 21 52
J. Simple hairdo currently popular with the young fry (2 wds.).	50 96 93 46 139 55 26 146
K. Quaver (2 wds.).	171 85 70 140 40 13 120 117 162 81
L. Sewing.	168 103 106 17 126 82 144 121 109 86

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Had cause or occasion for.	64 72 58 11 127 6
N. Person currently advised to "do it."	153 47 36 59 128 87 147 29
O. Greek combining form, prefix, meaning boat.	8 137 132 22 105
P. Immaterial semblance; optical illusion.	157 134 44 69 39 167 25
Q. Balance due.	98 4 97 114 135 88 73
R. Colloq. exclamation of cheerful concurrence.	152 101 111 2 160 14
S. Original name of Genghis Khan.	104 175 107 71 76 23 27
T. Chinese philosopher whose teachings were chief opponent of Confucianism (4th cent. B.C.).	161 3 174 65 133 37 77
U. A slap; a sideboard without a mirror.	148 118 95 150 38 53
V. Modern calendar as uncorrected by Pope Gregory (2 wds.).	18 84 28 115 123 113 102 143
W. Unusual; not often encountered (comp.).	108 155 16 30 131 45 124 149 122 5 54
X. First play in a football game.	19 37 1 119 163 80 56

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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Miracle of World War II

How American Industry Made Victory Possible

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